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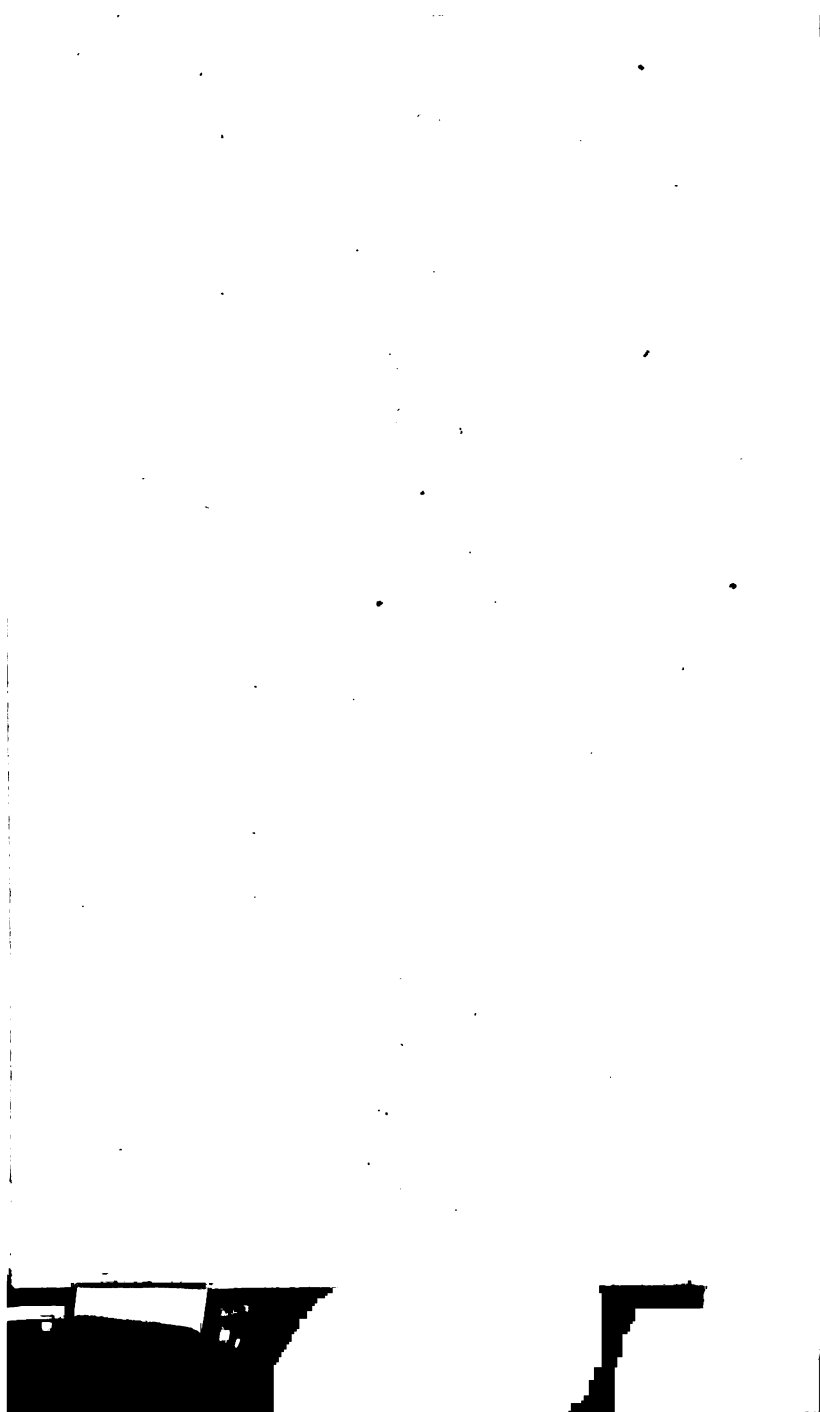
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VCE.

Miss E. C. W.

1. Hymns.

no. 12 for H.D.







## HYMNS.





HYM

FOR THE

✓

RUGBY S

JL

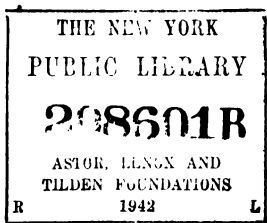
Rugby :

A. J. LAWRENCE

1906.

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RUGBY :

A. J. LAWRENCE, PRINTER,

MARKET PLACE.

C.D. TRANSFER JUN 30 1939

RUGBY was the first Public School  
of its own. This was published  
Headmastership of Dr. Wooll.  
Anthems, and Hymns," but of  
in the ordinary sense of  
"Jesus Christ is risen to-  
Bishop Cosin's paraphras  
Bishop Ken's Morning  
edition appeared in 184  
it has 18 Psalms ar  
"Sanctus," and 11 /  
the first time the  
Rev. H. J. Buck  
from 1826 to 18  
and for the St  
of Dr. Arnol  
1850: it co  
Hymns.  
1857. I  
Dr. Go



### *Preface.*

Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Benson. It was reissued, with tunes, in 1859. In the edition of 1876, when Dr. Jex-Blake was Headmaster, the number of Psalms and Hymns reached 339. The sixth edition, (1897), like the present, owed much to Canon Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology': it contained 360 Hymns.

I have to thank authors and proprietors of copyright (among the latter the proprietors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern') for permission to include various hymns in this collection. Only in one or two cases, where I could not discover the owners of copyright, have I assumed a permission which I had no reason to suppose would be refused.

H. A. J.

*March, 1906.*

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*Morning.*

1.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time, mis-spent, redeem ;  
Each present day thy last esteem :  
Improve thy talent with due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noonday clear :  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;  
May your devotion me inspire ;  
That I like you my age may spend,  
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,  
Have, all day long, my God in sight ;  
Perform like you my Maker's will :  
*O may I never more do ill !*

BISHOP KEN, 1692 (recast 1709)-

*Morning.*

2.

ALL praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept :  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew :  
Disperse my sins as morning dew,  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,  
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart :  
One ray of Thy all-quickenning light  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN, 1692 (recast 1709).



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*Morning.*

4.

COME, thou bright and morning Star,  
Light of Light, without beginning,  
Shine upon us from afar,  
That we may be kept from sinning ;  
Drive away by Thy clear light  
Our dark night.

Let Thy grace, like morning dew  
Falling upon barren places,  
Comfort, quicken, and renew  
Our dry souls and dying graces ;  
Bless Thy flock from Thy rich store  
Evermore.

May Thy fervent love destroy  
Our cold works, in us awaking  
Ardent zeal, and holy joy,  
At the purple morn's first breaking ;  
Let us truly rise, ere yet  
Life has set.

Light us to the heavenly spheres,  
Sun of grace, in glory shrouded ;  
Lead us through this vale of tears,  
To the land where days unclouded,  
Purest joy, and perfect peace,  
Never cease.

RICHARD MASSIE, 1857, from the German of  
BARON VON ROSENROTH, 1684.



O JES  
Thou E  
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Shower  
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JOHN



*Morning.*

6.

LO ! the golden light is peering ;  
Let the dimness fleet away,  
Which so long hath kept us veering  
From the narrow path astray.

May the morn, sweet calmness breathing,  
Keep us morn-like, chaste and pure,  
In our lips no falsehood sheathing,  
In our hearts no sin obscure.

So the day, all smoothly gliding,  
May preserve our tongue from guile,  
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,  
Hands from aught that can defile.

All day long an eye is o'er us,  
Which our every secret knows,  
Sees our every step before us,  
From first morn till evening's close.

To the Father praise unending,  
To the Son and Spirit blest,  
Still from age to age ascending,  
Be throughout all worlds addressed.

WILLIAM J. COPELAND, 1848, from the Latin of  
M. AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, d. circa 418.

*Morning.*

7.

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,  
My daily labour to pursue,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know  
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
O let me cheerfully fulfil ;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray,  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day ;

For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

*Morning.*

8.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking :  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day :  
Come to Him who made this splendour ;  
See thou render  
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning :  
Ready burning  
Be the incense of thy powers :  
For the night is safely ended :  
God hath tended  
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavour,  
When thine aim is good and true ;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth—  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within ;  
Every stain of shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.

Therefore God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirit's voice obey :  
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,  
Splendour breathing,  
Fairer than the fairest day.

HENRY J. BUCKOLL, 1842, from the German of BARON VON CANITZ, 1700  
(based upon an earlier anonymous translation, 1838).

*Morning.*

9.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,  
With rays of beauty shine ;  
O let Thy favour crown our days,  
And all their round be Thine.

Did we not raise our hands to Thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain ;  
Small joy success itself can give,  
If Thou Thy love restrain.

With Thee let every day begin,  
With Thee each day be spent ;  
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,  
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,  
Till all our labours cease,  
And Heaven refresh our weary souls  
With everlasting peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

*Morning.*

10.

IAM lucis orto sidere  
Deum precemur supplices,  
Ut in diurnis actibus  
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,  
Ne litis horror insonet ;  
Visum fovendo contegat,  
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,  
Absistat et vecordia ;  
Carnis terat superbiam  
Potus cibique parcitas :

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,  
Noctemque sors reduxerit,  
Mundi per abstinentiam  
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Eiusque soli Filio,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
Nunc et per omne saeculum.

*Latin Hymn of the 5th (?) Century.*



*Morning.*

11.

NOW that the daylight fills the sky,  
We lift our hearts to God on high,  
That He, in all we do or say,  
Would keep us free from harm to-day ;

Would guard our hearts and tongues from strife ;  
Would shield from anger's din our life ;  
From all ill sights would turn our eyes,  
And close our ears from vanities.

So we, when this new day is gone  
And shades of night are drawing on,  
With conscience by the world unstained  
Shall praise His name for victory gained.

Translation of the preceding, by JOHN MASON NEALE, 1852.

*Morning.*

12.

IN the morning hear my voice ;  
Let me in Thy light rejoice ;  
God, my Sun, my strength renew,  
Send Thy blessing down like dew.

Through the duties of the day,  
Grant me grace to watch and pray,  
Live as always seeing Thee,  
Knowing "Thou, God, seest me."

When the evening skies display  
Richer pomp than noon's array,  
Be the shades of death to me  
Bright with immortality.

When the round of care is run,  
And the stars succeed the sun,  
Songs of praise with prayer unite,  
Crown the day, and hail the night.

Thus with Thee, my God, my Friend,  
Time begin, continue, end,  
While life's joys and sorrows pass,  
Like the changes of the grass.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1884.

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15.

NOW the morn new light is pouring :  
Lord, may we our spirits raise,  
Through Thy grace our souls restoring ;  
So, on Thy great day of days,  
We with joy its dawn may meet  
Fearless at Thy judgment-seat.

Jesu, Thou our steps be guiding  
By Thy word's celestial light,  
Now and evermore abiding  
Our defence, our rock of might.  
Nowhere, save alone in Thee,  
Can we rest from danger free.

Lo ! we yield to Thy direction  
Soul and body, heart and mind ;  
Keep Thou all by Thy protection,  
To Thy mighty hand resigned.  
Thee our glorious God we own ;  
Let us, Lord, be Thine alone.

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1842, from the German of  
H. ALBERTI, 1648.

16.

ANOTHER day begun !  
Lord, grant us grace that we,  
Before the setting of the sun,  
Redeem the time for Thee.

Another day of toil !  
To Thee we yield our powers ;  
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil  
Through all the passing hours.

Another day of fear !  
For watchful is our foe ;  
And sin is strong, and death is near,  
And short our time below.

Another day of hope !  
For Thou art with us still ;  
And Thine almighty strength can cope  
With all who seek our ill.

Another day of grace  
To help us on our way !  
One step towards the resting-place,  
The eternal Sabbath-day.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

17.

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we  
Thine own gift of this new  
Doubt of what it holds in store  
Makes us crave Thine aid to  
Lest it prove a time of loss,  
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy

If it flow on calm and bright  
Be Thyself our chief delight  
If it bring unknown distress  
Good is all that Thou canst  
Only, while its hours begin,  
Pray we, keep them clear of

We in part our weakness know  
And in part discern our foe ;  
Well for us, before Thine eye  
All our danger open lies ;  
Turn not from us, while we pray  
Thy compassions and our need

Fain would we Thy word embrace  
Live each moment in Thy grace  
All ourselves to Thee consign  
Fold up all our wills in Thine  
Think, and speak, and do, and  
Simply that which pleases Thee

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon  
Hear, and grant the choicest boon  
That Thy love can e'er impart  
Loyal singleness of heart ;  
So shall this and all our days,  
Christ our God, show forth Thy

WILL



*Morning.*

18.

MY Father, for another night  
Of quiet sleep and rest,  
For all the joy of morning light,  
Thy holy name be blest.

Now with the new-born day I give  
Myself anew to Thee,  
That as Thou wilt I may live,  
And what Thou wilt be.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
Whate'er I speak or frame,  
Thy glory may I seek in all,  
Do all in Jesus' name.

My Father, for His sake, I pray,  
Thy child accept and bless,  
And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
In paths of righteousness.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1875.



19.

YE that have spent the silent night  
In sleep and quiet rest,  
And joy to see the cheerful light  
That riseth in the east,  
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,  
Your morning tribute bring,  
And pay a grateful song of praise  
To heaven's Almighty King.

And as this gloomy night did last  
But for a little space ;  
As heavenly day, now night is past,  
Doth show his pleasant face ;  
So let us hope, when faith and love  
Their work on earth have done,  
God's blessèd face to see above,  
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

God grant us grace that height to gain,  
That glorious sight to see,  
And send us, after worldly pain,  
A life from trouble free,  
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,  
And sorrow never come :  
Lord, be a place, a portion mine,  
In that bright blissful home.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, d. 1577.

20.

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within Thy holy place  
To rest awhile with Thee.

Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayst be sought ;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea,  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know,  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done,  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.

J. ELLERTON, 1870.

*Morning.*

21.

O FATHER, hear my morning prayer,  
Thine aid impart to me,  
That I may make my life to-day  
Acceptable to Thee.

May this desire my spirit rule,  
And, as the moments fly,  
Something of good be born in me,  
Something of evil die ;

Some grace, that seeks my heart to win,  
With shining victory meet ;  
Some sin, that strives for mastery,  
Find overthrow complete :

That so throughout the coming day  
The hours may carry me  
A little farther from the world,  
A little nearer Thee.

F. A. PERCY.

22.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night  
For all the blessings of the light !  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
To die, that this vile body may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow :  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BISHOP KEN, 1692 (recast 1709).

24.

THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store ;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past !  
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,  
Safe home at last.

O by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high :  
Help us to look to that bright place,  
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.

GODFREY THRING, 186





26.

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us ;  
Now we lay us down to rest ;  
Through the silent watches guard us ;  
Let no foe our peace molest :  
Jesu, Thou our guardian be :  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;  
In Thine arms may we repose,  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

27.

AT even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;  
O in what divers pains they met !  
O with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppressed with various ills draw near :  
What if Thy form we cannot see ?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had ;

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free ;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee ;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, -  
For none are wholly free from sin ;  
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Thy touch has still its ancient power ;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

HENRY TWELLS, 1868.



*Evening.*

28.

THE day is past and over ;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !  
I pray Thee now that sinless  
The hours of dark may be :  
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;  
I lift my heart to Thee,  
And ask Thee that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be :  
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;  
I raise the hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of dark may be :  
O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's Preserver,  
For Thou alone dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go :  
O loving Jesu, hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all.

Translated by J. M. NEALE, 1858, from a Greek Hymn,  
perhaps of the 6th or 7th century.

*Evening.*

29.

THE sun is sinking f  
The daylight dies;  
Let love awake, and p  
Her evening sacrific

As Christ upon the cro  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's h  
His parting soul res

So now herself my sou  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge  
In whom all spirits l

So now beneath His ey  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thou  
Abiding in the breast

Save that His will be d  
Whate'er betide;  
Dead to herself, and de  
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and lo  
Henceforth alive in n

One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine

Translated by E. Caswa  
perhaps of t

*Evening.*

30.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night, if Thou be near :  
O may no earth-born cloud arise,  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews ot kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live :  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store :  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

JOHN KEBLE, 1820.

*Evening.*

31.

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls,  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release  
Here find the rest of God's own peace,  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to Thee we bow ;  
Within all shadows standest Thou ;  
Give deeper calm than night can bring ;  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again ;  
We cannot at the shrine remain ;  
But in the spirit's secret cell  
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1859.

*Evening.*

**32.**

**NOW** at the night's return we raise  
To Thee, our King, the voice of praise ;  
And may our prayer, set forth aright,  
Ascend like incense in Thy sight.

Earth lay in darkness, Lord, when Thou  
Thine own bright heaven for us didst bow,  
And camest down to save the lost  
From such a doom, at such a cost.

So now on us in mercy shine,  
O Judge most awful, most benign,  
To whom in faith we bend the knee  
And look for help to none but Thee.

O'er all that stains our lifetime past  
The veil of Thy forgiveness cast ;  
Yea, cleanse our spirits through and through,  
And set us right and keep us true.

Bless Thou the distant and the dear ;  
Let each to each in Thee draw near,  
Still travelling towards our home above,  
And leaning still on one strong Love.

To Thee, O Christ, we lift our eyes,  
On Thee alone our hope relies ;  
Thou wilt not, canst not bring to shame  
The hope that pleads Thy glorious name.

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1866.

*Evening.*

33.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light,  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ;  
May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This live-long night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping  
All peaceful lie :  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us,  
With Thee on high.

First stanza by BISHOP HEBER, 1822 ; second stanza a translation  
by ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, 1855, of an ancient Latin Antiphon.

*Evening.*

34.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal ;  
Sin and want we come confessing :  
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee :  
Thou art He who, never weary,  
Watcheth where His people be.

Father, to Thy holy keeping  
Humbly we ourselves resign ;  
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,  
Make our slumber pure as Thine ;

Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
Chase the darkness of our night,  
Till the perfect day before us  
Break in everlasting light.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820,  
and BISHOP BICKERSTETH, 1876.



35.

FATHER, by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour ;  
Light has vanished, labours cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace :  
We to Thee ourselves resign ;  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

Saviour, to Thy Father bear  
This our feeble evening prayer ;  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We like sheep have gone astray ;  
Blessed Saviour, yet through Thee  
Grant that we may pardoned be.

Holy Spirit, Breath of balm,  
Fall on us in evening's calm ;  
Yet awhile, before we sleep,  
We with Thee will vigil keep :  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Softens, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessed Trinity, be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear  
Watch o'er our defenceless head  
Keep all evil from our bed ;  
Till the flood of morning r?  
Wake us to a song of pr



36.

LORD of my life, whose tender care  
Hath led me on till now,  
Here lowly at the hour of prayer  
Before Thy throne I bow ;  
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray  
Forgiveness for another day.

O may I daily, hourly strive  
In heavenly grace to grow ;  
To Thee and to Thy glory live,  
Dead else to all below ;  
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,  
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring  
For mercies day by day ;  
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing ;  
Lord, teach me how to pray.  
All that I have, and am, to Thee  
I offer through eternity.

ANON., 1888.

37.

STAR of morn and even,  
Sun of Heaven's heaven,  
Saviour high and dear,  
Toward us turn Thine ear ;  
Through whate'er may come  
Thou canst lead us home.

Though the gloom be grievous,  
Those we leant on leave us,  
Though the coward heart  
Quit its proper part,  
Though the tempter come,  
Thou wilt lead us home.

Saviour, pure and holy,  
Lover of the lowly,  
Sign us with Thy sign,  
Take our hands in Thine ;  
Take our hands and come,  
Lead Thy children home.

Star of morn and even,  
Shine on us from heaven ;  
From Thy glorious throne,  
Jesus, hear Thine own ;  
Lord and Saviour, come,  
Lead us to our home.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, 1862.

38.

HEAVENLY Father, by whose care  
Comes again this hour of prayer,  
In the evening stillness we  
Grateful raise our hearts to Thee :  
To our spirits, as we bend,  
Peace and holy comfort send.

Gladly we Thy presence seek ;  
Father, to our spirits speak ;  
Call us from the world away ;  
Still our passions' restless play ;  
On our inner darkness shine ;  
Bend our wayward wills to Thine.

In this quiet eventide  
May our souls with Thee abide,  
Own Thy presence, feel Thy power,  
Through this consecrated hour,  
And from peaceful vesper prayer  
Purer, stronger spirits bear.

T. HINCKS, 1868.

*Evening.*

40.

THE splendours of Thy glory, Lord,  
Hath no man seen nor known,  
And highest angels veil their eyes  
Before Thy shining throne.

Here we in darkness sit forlorn ;  
Death's shade upon us lies ;  
But night will wane, and o'er our heads  
The eternal dayspring rise.

So bright a day for us prepared  
For us Thou hast in store,  
That this all-glorious sun shall fade  
Its sevenfold light before.

But ah ! too long thou lingerest,  
Thou long-expected day,  
And ere we see thee, we must cast  
This mortal coil away.

But when her bonds are rent, my God,  
My soul to Thee shall soar,  
And see Thy face, and praise Thee well,  
And love Thee evermore.

Grant us Thy peace, blest Trinity,  
Fair love and saintly might ;  
And for this dim and fleeting day  
Give us immortal light.

Translation by ARCHBISHOP BENSON, 1860, of a Latin Hymn  
by CHARLES COFFIN, 1786.

41.

MORN of morns, and day of days !  
Silent as the morning rays,  
From the sepulchre's dark prison  
Christ, the Light of lights, hath risen.

He commanded, and His word  
Death and the dread chaos heard :  
We, O shame, more deaf than they,  
In the chains of darkness stay.

Lord, to hearts in slumber weak  
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;  
And, like lights of early morn,  
New ways mark the newly-born.

Grant us this, and with us be,  
Fountain of all charity,  
Thou who dost the Spirit give,  
Bidding the dead letter live.

Equal praise to Father, Son,  
And to Thee, the Holy One,  
By whose quickening breath divine  
Our dull spirits burn and shine.

Translation by ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1837, of a Latin Hymn by  
CHARLES COFFIN, 1736.

42.

THE dawn of God's new Sabbath  
Breaks o'er the earth again,  
As some sweet summer morning  
After a night of pain :  
It comes as cooling showers  
To cheer a thirsty land,  
As shades of clustered palm-trees  
'Mid weary wastes of sand.

Lord, we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling  
From bondage to be freed ;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all our work undone,  
So many talents wasted,  
So few true conquests won.

Yet still, O Lord long-suffering,  
Still grant us in our need  
Here in Thy holy presence  
The saving Name to plead ;  
And on Thy day of blessings,  
Within Thy temple walls,  
To foretaste the pure worship  
Of Sion's golden halls ;

Until in joy and gladness  
We reach that home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow  
And sin and strife is past ;  
When angel-hands have gathered  
The first ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Most Holy Trinity !

ADA CROSS, 1866.

**43.**

**HALLELUJAH!** Fairest  
Fairer than our words can  
Down we lay the heavy burden  
Of life's toil and care to-day  
While this morn of joy and  
Brings fresh vigour from

Sun-day, full of holy glory!  
Sweetest rest-day of the year  
Light upon a world of darkness  
From thy blessed morn  
Holy, happy, heavenly day  
Thou canst charm our grief

In the gladness of His word  
We will seek our joy to-day  
It is then we learn the fulness  
Of the grace for which we pray  
When the word of life is given  
Like the Saviour's voice from

Let the day with Thee be ended  
As with Thee it has begun  
And Thy blessing, Lord, be given  
Till earth's days and weeks are  
That at last Thy servants  
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

JANE L. BOYCE  
from the German of

**44.**

LIGHT of light, enlighten me ;  
Now anew the day is dawning :  
Sun of grace, the shadows flee ;  
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning :  
With Thy joyous sunshine blest  
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace,  
To Thy living waters lead me ;  
Thou from earth my soul release,  
And with grace and mercy feed me ;  
Bless Thy word, that it may prove  
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

Kindle Thou the sacrifice  
That upon my lips is lying ;  
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,  
That, from every error flying,  
No strange fire may in me glow,  
That Thine altar doth not know.

Let me with my heart to-day,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,  
Rapt awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee upspringing,  
Have a foretaste inly given  
How they worship Thee in heaven.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858, from the German of  
BENJAMIN SCHMOLCK, 1714.



45.

THIS is the day of light :  
Let there be light to-day :  
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,  
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :  
Our failing strength renew :  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :  
Thy peace our spirits fill :  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :  
Let earth to heaven draw near :  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;  
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death !

JOHN ELLERTON, 1867.

*Sunday.*

46.

(PSALM LXXXIV.)

LORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair  
The dwellings of Thy love,  
Thy earthly temples, are!  
To Thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still;  
And happy they  
That love the way  
To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears:  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

47.

JESU, where'er Thy people  
There they behold Thy mercy  
Where'er they seek Thee,  
And every place is hallowed

For Thou, within no walls  
Inhabitest the humble mirrour  
Such ever bring Thee witness  
And going take Thee to thine

Dear Shepherd of Thy church  
Thy former mercies here record  
Here to our waiting hearts  
The sweetness of Thy saving word

Here may we prove the power  
To strengthen faith and sow  
To teach our faint desires  
And bring all heaven before

Lord, we are few, but Thou art  
Nor short Thine arm, nor cold  
O rend the heavens, come quicken  
And make a thousand hearts

*Sunday.*

**48.**

(PSALM CXVIII.)

**THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own ;  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

SAVIOUR,  
With one acc  
We stand to  
Then lowly k

Grant us Thy  
With Thee be  
Guard Thou t  
That in this h

Grant us Thy  
Turn Thou fo  
From harm an  
For dark and l

Grant us Thy  
Our balm in so  
Then, when Th  
Call us, O Lorc

50.

AND now the wants are told, that brought  
Thy children to Thy knee;  
Here lingering still we ask for nought,  
But simply worship Thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days  
Absorbs not all the heart  
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,  
For being what Thou art.

For Thou art God, the one, the same,  
O'er all things high and bright;  
And round us, when we speak Thy name,  
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell  
On excellence divine;  
To know that nought in man can tell  
How fair Thy beauties shine!

O Thou, above all blessing blest,  
O'er thanks exalted far,  
Thy very greatness is a rest  
To weaklings as we are;

For when we feel the praise of Thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say "A perfect God is He,  
And He is fully ours."

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1865.

51.

OUR day of praise is  
The evening shadows  
But pass not from us with  
True Light that lighteth

Around the throne on  
Where night can never  
The white-robed harpers  
Bring ceaseless hymns

Too faint our anthems  
Too soon of praise we tire  
But oh, the strains how fitting  
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear  
If Thou attune the harp  
We in Thy angels' music  
May bear our lower part

'Tis Thine each soul to cleanse  
Each wayward thought to  
And make our life a daily  
Of glory to Thy name.

A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious  
And songs of angels and of  
In perfect praise shall blend

JOHN ELLERTON, 1868 (recast 1869), b.  
W. J. BLEW, 1852, of a Latin Hymn by

52.

ERE another sabbath's close,  
Ere again we seek repose,  
Lord, our song ascends to Thee ;  
At Thy feet we bow the knee.

For the mercies of the day,  
For this rest upon our way,  
Thanks to Thee alone be given,  
Lord of earth and King of heaven.

Cold our services have been,  
Mingled every prayer with sin ;  
But Thou canst and wilt forgive ;  
By Thy grace alone we live.

Whilst this thorny path we tread,  
May Thy love our footsteps lead ;  
When our journey here is past,  
May we rest with Thee at last.

Let these earthly sabbaths prove  
Foretastes of our joys above,  
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend  
To the rest which knows no end.

O. P., 1826.



*Monday.*

**53.**

YESTERDAY with worship blest  
Passed our day of hallowed rest :  
Lord, to-day we meet once more  
Grace and mercy to implore.

Not one day alone shall be  
Given, O God of love, to Thee ;  
Work and rest alike are Thine ;  
Brighten all with love divine.

Through the passing of the week,  
Father, we Thy presence seek :  
Midst this world's deceitful maze  
Keep us, Lord, in all our ways.

Oh, what snares our path beset !  
Oh, what cares our spirits fret !  
Let no earthly thing, we pray,  
Draw our souls from Thee away.

Thou hast set our daily task ;  
Grace and strength from Thee we ask :  
Thou our joys and griefs dost send ;  
To Thy will our spirits bend.

Still in duty's lowly round  
Be our patient footsteps found :  
With Thy counsel guide us here,  
Till in glory we appear.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

*Thursday.*

54.

ASCENDED Lord, accept our praise,  
As with adoring eye  
From this dim earth we lift our gaze  
To Thy bright home on high.

We may not stay our lingering feet  
Upon the sacred hill,  
Nor with blest dreams and visions sweet  
Stand upward gazing still.

For Thou, Lord, shalt once more appear ;  
And we would seek Thy grace  
To tread our lowly pathway here,  
Until we see Thy face.

And week by week we ask this day  
Fresh gleams of heavenly light,  
To cheer us on our toilsome way,  
And brighten all our night.

Then praise to Thee, ascended Lord,  
O Father, praise to Thee,  
And Thou, O Spirit, be adored,  
One God in Trinity.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

*Friday.*

55.

O JESU, crucified for man,  
O Lamb, all glorious on Thy throne,  
Teach Thou our wondering souls to scan  
The mystery of Thy love unknown.

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take  
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,  
And gladly for Thine own dear sake  
In paths of pain to follow Thee.

As on our daily way we go,  
Through light or shade, in calm or strife,  
O may we bear Thy marks below  
In conquered sin and chastened life.

And week by week this day we ask  
That holy memories of Thy cross  
May sanctify each common task,  
And turn to gain each earthly loss.

Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear,  
Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,  
And through the cross attain the crown.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

*Saturday.*

56.

SABBATH of the saints of old,  
Day of mysteries manifold,  
By the great Creator blest,  
Type of His eternal rest ;  
Sanctified with thought of thee  
Be the closing week to me.

Resting from His work, the Lord  
Spake to-day the hallowing word ;  
And, His wondrous labours done,  
Now the everlasting Son  
Gave to heaven and earth the sign  
Of a wonder more divine.

Resting from His work to-day,  
In the tomb the Saviour lay,  
Once again from head to feet  
Swathed, but in the winding-sheet ;  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hid behind the sealèd stone.

Lord, with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend ;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around,  
And in patient watch remain,  
Till my Lord appear again.

Then, the new creation done,  
Endless rest shall be begun.  
Jesu, keep me safe from sin,  
With Thee may I enter in,  
And, all fear and toil at end,  
To Thy resting-place ascend.

THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, 1842.

57.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long :  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDGE, 1785.

*Advent.*

58.

DIES irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Juxta est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, Fons pietatis.

Lacrimosa dies illa,  
Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus!  
Huic ergo parce, Deus.  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona nobis requiem.

THOMAS OF CELANO, Franciscan of 1

59.

DAY of wrath, thou day of thunder,  
Rending heaven and earth in sunder,  
Day all seers foretold with wonder !

Sore the trembling, great the fearing,  
When the Judge is nigh appearing,  
For that strict and solemn hearing.

Hark ! the trumpet-blast appalling  
On the world of graves is falling,  
To the throne of judgment calling.

Wretched, what shall I be pleading,  
To what guardian interceding,  
When e'en saints are succour needing ?

King of glory, dread and holy,  
Saving man by mercy solely,  
Fount of love, O save me wholly.

Day of woe and fear heart-rending !  
When from out the grave ascending,  
Lord, all sinners stand before Thee,  
Speak Thy pardon, we implore Thee.  
Gracious Jesu, Saviour blest,  
Grant us all eternal rest.

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1850,  
translation of the preceding.

58.

DIES irae, dies illa,  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendae majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Salva me, Fons pietatis.

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Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus!  
Huic ergo parce, Deus.  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona nobis requiem.

THOMAS OF CELANO, Franciscan of 13th century.



59.

DAY of wrath, thou day of thunder,  
Rending heaven and earth in sunder,  
Day all seers foretold with wonder !

Sore the trembling, great the fearing,  
When the Judge is nigh appearing,  
For that strict and solemn hearing.

Hark ! the trumpet-blast appalling  
On the world of graves is falling,  
To the throne of judgment calling.

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Saving man by mercy solely,  
Fount of love, O save me wholly.

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When from out the grave ascending,  
Lord, all sinners stand before Thee,  
Speak Thy pardon, we implore Thee.  
Gracious Jesu, Saviour blest,  
Grant us all eternal rest.

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1850,  
translation of the preceding.

62.

(PSALM LXXII.)

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail in the time appointed  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy  
To those who suffer wrong ;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong ;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring :  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest.  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove :  
His name shall stand for ever :  
That name to us is Love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1821.

63.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;  
Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;  
Make straight the way for God within ;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;  
Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;  
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, eternal Son, to Thee  
Whose advent doth Thy people free ;  
Whom with the Father we adore  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

*Varied from a translation by JOHN CHANDLER, 1837,  
of a Latin hymn by CHARLES COFFIN, 1736.*

64.

YE servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight;  
For awful is His name.

Watch; 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, d. 1751.

65.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created :  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated.  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before.  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding.  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great God, to Thee my prayers I pour,  
In sight of judgment quailing :  
Be Thou my strength in that dread hour,  
When flesh and heart are failing :  
Let perfect love cast out all fear ;  
So may I, when the Judge is near,  
With joy go forth to meet Him.

First stanza anonymous, 1802 : 2nd and 3rd by WILLIAM B. COLLYER, 1812,  
varied by THOMAS COTTERILL, 1820 : 4th by E. M. GOULBURN and  
H. J. BUCKOLL, 1857.

66.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made ;  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive,  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

The gospel-trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come :  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1750.

67.

THE Lord of might from Sinai's brow  
Gave forth His voice of thunder ;  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Outstretched in fear and wonder :  
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,  
And at His left hand and His right  
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of love on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering Stranger,  
Upraised to heaven His languid eye  
In nature's hour of danger ;  
For us He bore the weight of woe,  
For us He gave His blood to flow,  
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,  
The King of all created,  
Shall back return to claim His right,  
On clouds of glory seated,  
With trumpet-sound, and angel-song,  
And hallelujahs loud and long,  
O'er death and hell defeated.

BISHOP HEBER, 1827.

68.

WHEN Christ the Lord would come on earth,  
His messenger before Him went,  
The greatest born of mortal birth,  
And charged with words of deep intent.

The least of all that here attend  
Hath honour greater far than he;  
He was the Bridegroom's joyful friend,  
His body and His spouse are we;

A higher race, the sons of light,  
Of water and the Spirit born;  
He the last star of parting night,  
And we the children of the morn.

And as he boldly spake Thy word,  
And joyed to hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
Thus may Thy pastors teach, O Lord,  
And thus Thy listening church rejoice.

HENRY ALFORD, 1886.



69.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling ;  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art :  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.

Come, almighty to deliver ;  
Let us all Thy grace receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation ;  
Pure and spotless may we be ;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

70.

MAKE haste, O man, to live,  
For thou so soon must die ;  
Time hurries past thee like the breeze ;  
How swift its moments fly !

Make haste, O man, to do  
Whatever must be done ;  
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth ;  
Thy day will soon be gone.

Up then with speed, and work ;  
Fling ease and self away ;  
This is no time for thee to sleep ;  
Up, watch and work and pray.

The useful, not the great,  
The thing that never dies,  
The silent toil that is not lost—  
Set these before thine eyes.

The seed, whose leaf and flower,  
Though poor in human sight,  
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,  
Sow thou both day and night.

Make haste, O man, to live ;  
Thy time is almost o'er ;  
O sleep not, dream not, but arise :  
The Judge is at the door.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

71.

HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding :  
" Christ is nigh " it seems to say ;  
" Cast away the powers of darkness,  
O ye children of the day."

Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise :  
All the powers of darkness vanish ;  
Christ our Daystar mounts the skies.

Lo ! the Lamb, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heaven :  
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,  
One and all, to be forgiven.

So, when next He shines in glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
Not for chastening, but salvation,  
Unto us shall He appear.

Honour, glory, might, dominion,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the Everlasting Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.

Chiefly by EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, from a Latin hymn of the  
5th century, recast in the 17th.

72.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying ;  
The watchmen on the heights are crying ;  
Awake, Jerusalem, at last.  
Midnight hears the welcome voices,  
And at the thrilling cry rejoices.  
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past.  
The Bridegroom comes ; awake,  
Your lamps with gladness take.

Hallelujah !

And for His marriage feast prepare,  
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,  
And all her heart with joy is springing ;  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom ;  
For her Lord comes down all-glorious,  
The strong in grace, in truth victorious ;  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come.

Ah ! come, Thou blessed Lord,

O Jesus, Son of God.

Hallelujah !

We follow till the halls we see  
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

Translation by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858,  
from the German of PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1599.

73.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.

Joyful, all ye nations, rise ;  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With the angelic host proclaim  
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see :  
Hail, the incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace !  
Hail, the Sun of righteousness !  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Varied from CHARLES WESLEY, 1789.

74.

ADESTE, fideles,  
Laeti triumphantes ;  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem ;  
Natum videte  
Regem angelorum ;  
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,  
Lumen de Lumine,  
Parturit Virgo Mater,  
Deum verum,  
Genitum, non factum :  
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc hymnos  
Chorus angelorum,  
Cantet nunc aula caelestium,  
Gloria  
In excelsis Deo !  
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Ergo qui natus  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu, Tibi sit gloria,  
Patris aeterni  
Verbum caro factum !  
Venite, adoremus Dominum.

Probably of French or German origin, and of the 17th or 18th century.

75.

O COME, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant;  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
Come and behold Him  
Born, the King of angels;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
Glory to God  
In the highest;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning;  
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

*Translation of the preceding, by FREDERICK OAKELEY, 1841.*

76.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born ;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice : " Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang :  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross ;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng ;  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display :  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

JOHN BYRON, d. 1763 (varied).



**77.**

**BRIGHTEST** and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
**Star** of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure :  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

**Brightest** and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
**Star** of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

**BISHOP HEBER, 1811.**

78.

EARTH has many a noble city ;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :  
Out of thee the Lord from heaven  
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare ;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh,

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped  
At Thy glad epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be.

Translation, varied from E. CASWALL, 1849, of the Latin of  
M. AURELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, d. circa 413.

79.

WHEN, marshalled on  
The glittering hosts be  
One star alone of all the  
Can fix the sinner's w

Hark! hark! to God the  
From every host, from  
But one alone the Saviou  
It is the Star of Bethle

It is my guide, my life, n  
It bids my dark forebo  
And through the storm a  
It leads me to the port

Then safely moored, my  
I'll sing, first in night's  
For ever and for evermor  
The Star, the Star of E



80.

**THERE** is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace ;  
It steals in silence down ;  
But, where it lights, the favoured place  
By richest fruits is known.

One name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.

JOHN KEBLE, 1819.

81.

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,	Alleluia !
To the glory of their King	
Shall the ransomed people sing	Alleluia !
And the choirs that dwell on high	
Shall re-echo through the sky	Alleluia !

They through the fields of Paradise that roam,  
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home  
Alleluia !

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,	
The shining constellations, join and say	Alleluia !
Ye clouds that onward sweep,	
Ye winds on pinions light,	
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,	
Ye lightnings wildly bright,	
In sweet consent unite your	Alleluia !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,	
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say	Alleluia !
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,	
Join in creation's hymn; and cry again	Alleluia !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous	Alleluia !
There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus	Alleluia !
Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry	Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply	Alleluia !

Now from all men be outpoured  
Alleluia to the Lord ;  
With Alleluia evermore  
The Son and Spirit we adore.  
Praise be done to the Three in One !  
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia !

*Translation by J. M. NEALE, 1854, from the Latin of NOTKER, d. 912.*

83.

(JOEL II. 12—17).

THE solemn season calls us now  
A holy fast to keep ;  
Let all pour forth the contrite vow,  
Let priest and people weep.

Yet come not thou with tears alone,  
Or outward form of prayer ;  
But let it in thine heart be known  
That penitence is there.

Thy breast to beat, or garment rend,  
God asketh not of thee ;  
Thy stubborn soul He bids thee bend  
In true humility.

O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign  
To grant us all we need,  
We pray for time to turn again,  
And grace to turn indeed.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere  
To Thee we humbly pray,  
Let fruits of penitence appear  
To bless this fasting-day.

Translation by JOHN CHANDLER, 1887,  
from the Latin of the Paris Breviary, 1736.

84.

(PSALM XLII.)

AS pants the hart for cooling streams  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine ;  
O when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty divine ?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

TATE and BRADY, 1696.

85.

(PSALM LI.)

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
As Thou wert ever kind ;  
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin ;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt hath been.

Against thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in Thy sight,  
Have I transgressed, and, though condemned,  
Must own Thy judgments right.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight,  
Nor let Thy Holy Spirit take  
Its everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives  
Let me again obtain,  
And Thy free Spirit's firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

TATE and BRADY, 1696.



86.

IN the hour of trial,  
Jesu, pray for me;  
Lest by base denial  
I depart from Thee;  
When thou seest me waver,  
With a look recall,  
Nor for fear or favour  
Suffer me to fall.

With its witching pleasures  
Would this vain world charm,  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or in darker semblance  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction  
Thou in love chastise,  
Pour Thy benediction  
On the sacrifice:  
Then, upon Thine altar  
Freely offered up,  
Though the flesh may falter,  
Faith shall drink the cup.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1884.

87.

O HELP us, Lord ; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
Help us in thought and word and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesu, from on high :  
We know no help but Thee ;  
O help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heaven to be.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827.



91.

WEARY of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;  
For Thee, not without hope, I mourn :  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the throne of love.

O Jesu, full of truth and grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek Thy face ;  
Open Thine arms and take me in ;  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore :  
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more :  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart  
That trembles at the approach of sin :  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within ;  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

GIVER of the perfect gift,  
 Only Hope of human race,  
 Hear the prayer our hearts uplift,  
 Trembling at Thy throne of grace.

Though the accusing voice within  
 Speaks of many a wrong to Thee,  
 Thou canst cleanse from every sin,  
 Thou canst set the conscience free.

Who can save us, Lord, but Thou ?  
 Let Thy mercy show Thy power ;  
 Lo, we plead Thy promise now,  
 Now, in this the accepted hour.

O may these our Lenten days,  
 Blest by Thee, with Thee be passed,  
 That with purer, nobler praise,  
 We may keep Thy feast at last.

God the Holy Trinity,  
 Grant the mercy we implore :  
 God the One, all praise to Thee  
 Through the ages evermore.

Translation by JOHN ELLERTON, 1871, of an old Latin Hymn,  
 not later than the 10th century.



## 94.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
 If thou wouldst My disciple be ;  
 Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
 And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight  
 Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;  
 His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
 And brace thine heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;  
 Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;  
 Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
 To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,  
 And calmly every danger brave ;  
 'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
 And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,  
 Nor think till death to lay it down ;  
 For only he who bears the cross  
 May hope to wear the glorious crown.

To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,  
 All praise for evermore ascend ;  
 O grant us in our home to see  
 The heavenly life that knows no end.

Varied from CHARLES W. EVEREST, 1888.

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96.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty ;  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own anointed Son.

Ride on, ride on in majesty ;  
In lowly pomp ride on to die :  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain ;  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827.

# 97.

ALL glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's name comest,  
The King and Blessed One.  
All glory, &c.

The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created make reply.  
All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went ;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
All glory, &c.

To Thee before Thy passion  
They sang their hymns of praise :  
To Thee now high exalted  
Our melody we raise.  
All glory, &c.

Thou didst accept their praises ;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, &c.

Varied from a translation by JOHN M. NEALE, 1854,  
from ST. THEODULPH, 821.

*Passion.*

**98.**

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil the law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY, 1776.

*Passion.*

99.

O SACRED Head, surrounded  
By crown of piercing thorn !  
O bleeding Head, so wounded,  
Reviled, and put to scorn !  
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,  
The glow of life decays,  
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,  
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigour  
Bereaving Thee of life ;  
O agony and dying !  
O love to sinners free !  
Jesu, all grace supplying,  
O turn Thy face on me.

In this Thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be :  
Beneath Thy cross abiding,  
For ever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

Translation by SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1861, from a hymn  
probably by ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, d. 1158.

*Passion.*

100.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere the hour of doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forgo.

Judge and Saviour of our race,  
When we see Thee face to face,  
Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place.

On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love will then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1844.

*Passion.*

101.

THERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear ;  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin ;  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1948.

*Passion.*

102.

OBJECT of my first desire,  
Jesus crucified for me,  
All to happiness aspire,  
Only to be found in Thee.  
Thee to praise and Thee to know,  
This be all our bliss below ;  
Thee to see and Thee to love,  
This shall be our bliss above.

Lord, it is not life to live,  
If Thy presence Thou deny ;  
Lord, if Thou Thy presence give,  
'Tis no longer death to die.  
Source and Giver of repose,  
Singly from Thy smile it flows ;  
Peace and happiness are Thine ;  
Mine they are, if Thou art mine.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGU TOPLADY, 1774.

*Passion.*

103.

TO Christ, the Prince of Peace,  
And Son of God most high,  
The Father of the world to come,  
Sing we with holy joy.

Deep in His heart for us  
The wound of love He bore,  
That love, which still He kindles in  
The hearts that Him adore.

O Jesu! Victim blest!  
What else but love divine  
Could Thee constrain to open thus  
That sacred heart of Thine?

O Fount of endless life,  
O Spring of waters clear,  
O Flame celestial, cleansing all  
That unto Thee draw near,

Hide me in Thy dear heart,  
For thither do I fly,  
There seek Thy grace through life, in death  
Thine immortality.

Translation by EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, of a Latin Hymn,  
probably of the 18th century.



104.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ, my God :  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

*Passion.*

105.

MY faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine :  
Now hear me while I pray ;  
Take all my guilt away ;  
O let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire :  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide :  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
O bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER, 1880.

*Passion.*

106.

MY God, I love Thee ; not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor because they who love Thee not  
Must die eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me  
Upon the cross embrace ;  
For me didst bear the nails and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony ;  
Yea, death itself ; and all for me,  
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,  
Should I not love Thee well ?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,  
O ever-loving Lord.

Even so I love Thee, and will love,  
And in Thy praise will sing,  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

EDWARD CASWALL, 1849, from the Latin of  
ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, d. 1552.

107.

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,  
When for deeper faith I seek,  
Then in thought I go to thee,  
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,  
While the lingering twilight fades ;  
See that suffering, friendless One  
Weeping, praying, there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,  
When for stronger faith I seek,  
Hill of Calvary, I go  
To thy scenes of fear and woe.

There behold His agony,  
Suffered on the bitter tree ;  
See His anguish, see His faith,  
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,  
Learning all the worth of pain,  
Learning all the might that lies  
In a full self-sacrifice.

Sing we then to God above  
Praise eternal as His love :  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*J. R. WREFOED, 1887, varied by SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1887*

*Passion.*

108.

THY life was given for me ;  
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed  
That I might ransomed be,  
And quickened from the dead.  
Thy life was given for me :  
What have I given for Thee ?

Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know.  
Long years were spent for me :  
Have I spent one for Thee ?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me  
More than my tongue can tell  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue me from hell.  
Thou sufferedst all for me :  
What have I borne for Thee ?

And Thou hast brought to me  
Down from Thy home above  
Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love.  
Great gifts Thou broughtest me :  
What have I brought to Thee ?

Oh, let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent ;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent :  
To Thee my all I bring,  
My Saviour and my King.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1858,  
recast in 1871.

109.

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;  
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;  
O come, together let us mourn :  
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Ah, look how patiently He hangs :  
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men :  
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

O break, O break, hard heart of mine !  
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride  
His Pilate and His Judas were :  
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
A broken heart love's cradle is :  
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

O love of God ! O sin of man !  
In this dread act your strength is tried,  
And victory remains with love :  
Jesus our Lord is crucified.

F. W. FABER, 1849.

110.

*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

O WORD of pity, for our pardon pleading,  
Breathed in the hour of loneliness and pain ;  
O voice, which through the ages interceding  
Calls us to fellowship with God again ;

O word of comfort, through the silence stealing,  
As the dread act of sacrifice began ;  
O infinite compassion, still revealing  
The infinite forgiveness won for man ;

O word of hope to raise us nearer heaven,  
When courage fails us and when faith is dim ;  
The souls for whom Christ prays to Christ are given,  
To find their pardon and their joy in Him.

O Intercessor, who art ever living  
To plead for dying souls that they may live,  
Teach us to know our sin which needs forgiving,  
Teach us to know the love which can forgive.

ADA R. GREENAWAY.

*Easter Eve.*

111.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,  
Human taunts, and fiendish spite :  
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow  
Of the prey he grasps to-night ;  
Yet once more, to seal his doom,  
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,  
While in brief repose He lies ;  
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,  
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes ;  
Slumber such as needs must be  
After hard-won victory.

Fierce and deadly was the anguish,  
Which on yonder cross He bore.  
How did soul and body languish,  
Till the toil of death was o'er !  
But that toil, so fierce and dread,  
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

All night long, with plaintive voicing,  
Chant His requiem soft and low ;  
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing  
From to-morrow's harps shall flow :  
" Death and hell at length are slain,  
" Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."

JOHN MOULTRIE, 1836.



*Easter Eve.*

112.

ALL is over : in the tomb  
Sleeps He, 'mid its silent gloom,  
Till the dawn of Easter come.

All is over ; fought the fight :  
Heaviness is for the night,  
Joy comes with the morning light.

Leave we in the grave with Him  
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,  
If our souls would rise with Him.

Glory to the Lord, who gave  
His pure body to the grave,  
Us from sin and death to save.

W. S. RAYMOND, 1855.

*Easter.*

113.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Hallelujah !  
Our triumphant holy-day ; Hallelujah !  
Who so lately on the cross, Hallelujah !  
Suffered to redeem our loss : Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah !  
Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah !  
Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah !  
Sinners to redeem and save : Hallelujah !

But the pains which He endured, Hallelujah !  
Our salvation have procured : Hallelujah !  
Now above the sky He's King, Hallelujah !  
Where the angels ever sing Hallelujah !

Stanza 1 translated (1708) from an old Latin Hymn ; Stanzas 2 and 3 slightly  
varied from Arnold's Compleat Psalmist, 1749.

114.

GOD is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high ;  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory.

Now empty are the courts of Death,  
And crushed thy sting, Despair ;  
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,  
For Jesus hath been there.

'And He hath tamed the strength of hell,  
And dragged him through the sky,  
And captive behind His chariot wheel  
He hath bound captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high ;  
With His own right hand and His holy arm  
He hath won the victory.

*Easter.*

115.

“CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,”  
Sons of men and angels say ;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high :  
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love’s redeeming work is done,  
Fought the fight, the battle won :  
Death in vain forbids His rise,  
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King ;  
“Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?”  
Once He died our souls to save ;  
“Where’s thy victory, O Grave ?”

Hail, Thou Lord of earth and heaven ;  
Praise to Thee by both be given :  
Thee we greet triumphant now :  
Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

*Easter.*

116.

ALLELUIA !

Finita jam sunt proelia :

Est parta jam victoria.

Gaudeamus et canamus Alleluia !

Post fata mortis barbara,

Devicit Jesus Tartara ;

Applaudamus et psallamus Alleluia !

Surrexit die tertia

Caelesti clarus gratia :

Insonemus et cantemus Alleluia !

Sunt clausa Stygis ostia,

Et caeli patent atria ;

Gaudeamus et canamus Alleluia !

O coronate gloria,

Tua nos morte libera,

Ut vivamus et canamus Alleluia !

Perhaps of the 12th century.

*Easter.*

117.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;  
The victory of life is won ;  
The song of triumph has begun.

Alleluia !

The powers of Death have done their worst ;  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed :  
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

Alleluia !

The three sad days are quickly sped ;  
He rises glorious from the dead :  
All glory to our risen Head !

Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From Death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee

Alleluia !

Translation of the preceding by FRANCIS POTT, 1850.

*Easter.*

118.

JESUS lives ! Thy terrors now  
Can, O Death, no more appal us ;  
Jesus lives ! By this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal ;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died :  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well  
Naught from us His love shall sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given :  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia !

Varied from a translation by FRANCES E. COX, 1841, from the  
German of C. F. GELLERT, 1757.

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !  
Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise.  
He who on the cross a victim  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life and life immortal,  
On this holy Easter morn :  
Christ hath triumphed, and we conquer  
By His mighty enterprise ;  
We with Him to life eternal  
By His resurrection rise.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield :  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,  
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen ; we are risen :  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face ;  
That we, Lord, with hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever safe with Thee.



*Rogation Days.*

120.

LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,  
And Thou hast sworn to hear ;  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
We trusted, Lord, with Thee,  
And still, now spring has on us smiled,  
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,  
The summer sun and air,  
The green ear, and the golden grain,  
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
The wondrous growth unseen,  
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth  
By sun and moon below,  
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth  
We never may forego.

J. KEBLE, 1856.

*Ascension.*

121.

HAIL the day that sees Him rise  
Glorious to His native skies.  
Christ, awhile to mortals given,  
Reascends His native heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits;  
Lift your heads, eternal gates.  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;  
Take the King of glory in.

See, the heaven its Lord receives;  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

See, He lifts His hands above;  
See, He shows the prints of love;  
Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His church below.

Still for us He intercedes,  
His prevailing death He pleads;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

O, though parted from our sight,  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following Thee beyond the skies.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1789, varied by T. COTTERILL, 1820.

*Ascension.*

122.

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,  
The doors are opened wide,  
The King of glory is gone up  
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies,  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
And let Thy grace be given,  
That, while we linger yet below,  
Our treasure be in heaven ;

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be :  
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

*Ascension.*

123.

THOU art gone up on high  
To mansions in the skies,  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise.  
But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed ;  
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter agony  
To pass unto Thy crown :  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
O by Thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
At Thy right hand on high.

EMMA TOKE, 1851.

*Ascension.*

124.

HE is gone—beyond the skies ;  
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;  
Gone beyond the highest height  
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight ;  
Through the veils of time and space,  
Passed into the Holiest place ;  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain ;  
In the void which He has left  
On this earth, of Him bereft ;  
We have still His work to do,  
We can still His path pursue ;  
Seek Him both in friend and foe ;  
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—towards their goal  
World and Church must onwards roll ;  
Far behind we leave the past ;  
Forward are our glances cast :  
Still His words before us range  
Through the ages, as they change :  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
He shall give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but, not in vain,  
Wait, until He comes again :  
He is risen, He is not here,  
Far above this earthly sphere :  
Evermore in heart and mind,  
There our peace in Him we find ;  
To our own eternal Friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY, 1862

125.

THE High Priest, once a year,  
Went in the Holy Place,  
With garments white and clear ;  
It was the day of grace.

Without the people stood,  
While, unseen and alone,  
With incense and with blood,  
He did for them atone.

So we without abide  
A few short passing years,  
While Christ, who for us died,  
Before our God appears.

Before His Father there  
His sacrifice He pleads ;  
And with unceasing prayer  
For us He intercedes.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842.

126.

VENI sancte Spiritus,  
Et emitte caelitus  
    Lucis Tuæ radium.  
Veni, Pater pauperum,  
Veni, Dator munerum,  
    Veni, Lumen cordium ;

Consolator optime,  
Dulcis Hospes animae,  
    Dulce Refrigerium,  
In labore Requies,  
In aestu Temperies,  
    In fletu Solatium.

O Lux beatissima,  
Reple cordis intima  
    Tuorum fidelium.  
Sine Tuo numine  
Nihil est in homine,  
    Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,  
Riga quod est aridum,  
    Sana quod est saucium,  
Flecte quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
    Rege quod est devium.

Da Tuis fidelibus  
In Te confidentibus  
    Sacrum septenarium,  
Da virtutis meritum,  
Da salutis exitum,  
    Da perenne gaudium.

The "Golden Sequence," a Hymn of the 18th century,  
perhaps by POPE INNOCENT III.

127.

COME, Thou Holy Ghost, we pray,  
Send from realms of heavenly day  
All Thy bright enlivening ray.  
Come, Thou Father of the poor,  
Come, with gifts that aye endure,  
Come, Thou Light of hearts, all-pure.

Comforter, of all the best,  
Thou the soul's delightsome Guest,  
Glad Refreshment, welcome Rest !  
Thou, in toil Repose so sweet,  
Thou, the Shade in wearying heat,  
Thou, in sorrow Comfort meet.

Light, most blessed Light Thou art ;  
Freely fill, in every part,  
All Thy faithful people's heart.  
Save through Thine all-powerful will,  
Man hath naught, can naught fulfil,  
Naught but what is full of ill.

Wash Thou each defiling stain,  
Water Thou what needeth rain,  
Heal Thou every wound and pain.  
Bend the stubborn to Thy sway,  
Warm the cold with quickening ray,  
Guide the wandering in Thy way.

Give Thou to Thy faithful race,  
Who confiding seek Thy face,  
All Thy holy sevenfold grace :  
Give them virtue's meed, we pray,  
Give redemption's perfect day,  
Give the joys that live for aye.

Translation of preceding by H. J. BUCKOLL, 1842.



128.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
O shed Thine influence from above ;  
And still from age to age convey  
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,  
Be God's surpassing glory sung ;  
Through all the listening earth be taught  
The deeds our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,  
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside ;  
Still may mankind Thy blessings prove,  
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Foundling Hospital Collection, 1774.  
(Doxology by BISHOP KEN, 1692.)

129.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,  
In power and wrath He came ;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.

But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the church of God ; it fills  
The sinful world around :  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for it is found.

Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
Open our ears to hear :  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

JOHN KEBLE, 1827.

*Whitsuntide.*

130.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes Tuorum visita,  
Imple superna gratia  
Quae Tu creasti pectora,

Qui Paraclitus diceris,  
Donum Dei altissimi,  
Fons vivus, Ignis, Charitas,  
Et spiritalis Unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,  
Dextrae Dei Tu Digitus,  
Tu rite Promissum Patris,  
Sermone ditas guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,  
Infunde amorem cordibus,  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus,  
Ductore sic Te praevio  
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per Te sciamus da Patrem,  
Noscamus atque Filium,  
Te utriusque Spiritum  
Credamus omni tempore.

Sit laus Patri cum Filio,  
Sancto simul Paraclito,  
Nobisque mittat Filius  
Charisma Sancti Spiritus.

Hymn of unknown authorship, not later than 10th century :  
doxology added subsequently.

*Whitsuntide.*

131.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.

Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;

That through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

*Paraphrase of the preceding, by BISHOP COSIN, 1627.*

132.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see ;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And meet for Thee.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

133.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

Varied from SIMON BROWNE, 1720.

134.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me :  
I myself would gracious be,  
And with words that help and heal  
Would Thy life in mine reveal,  
And with actions bold and meek  
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me :  
I myself would truthful be,  
And with wisdom kind and clear  
Let Thy life in mine appear,  
And with actions brotherly  
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me :  
I myself would mighty be—  
Mighty so as to prevail  
Where unaided man must fail ;  
Ever by a mighty hope  
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me :  
I myself would holy be ;  
Separate from sin, I would  
Choose and cherish all things good ;  
And whatever I can be,  
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

THOMAS T. LYNCH, 1855.

135.

HOLY Spirit, Truth divine,  
Dawn upon this soul of mine :  
Word of God, and inward Light,  
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,  
Glow within this heart of mine ;  
Kindle every high desire ;  
Perish self in Thy pure fire !

Holy Spirit, Power divine,  
Fill and nerve this will of mine ;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,  
King within my conscience reign ;  
Be my Law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, for ever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,  
Still this restless heart of mine ;  
Speak to calm this tossing sea,  
Stayed in Thy tranquillity.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1864.



*Trinity Sunday.*

136.

HOLY, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea :

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky  
and sea.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! merciful and mighty,

God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

BISHOP HEBER, d. 1826.

*Trinity Sunday.*

137.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls has found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

EDWARD COOPER, 1805.

*Trinity Sunday.*

138.

THREE in One, and One in Three,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
Hear us while we lift to Thee  
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights, with morning-shine  
Lift on us Thy light divine ;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights, when falls the even,  
Let it sink on sins forgiven ;  
Fold us in the peace of heaven ;  
Shed a vesper calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,  
Darkling here we worship Thee ;  
With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm.

GILBERT ROBINSON, 1849 : based on two early Latin Hymns.

*Trinity Sunday.*

139.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn.  
    "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
        Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
    Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,  
    "Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.  
    Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
        Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
    Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow :  
    "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
        Earth is with Thy fulness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
    Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

140.

JESUS calls us : o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, " Christian, follow Me : "

As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, " Christian, love Me more."

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
" Christian, love Me more than these."

Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

*Conversion of St. Paul.*

141.

O GOD, enshrined in dazzling light  
Above the highest sphere,  
My soul is filled with awe to feel  
That Thou art present here.

Thine eye is as a lamp of fire,  
And in its searching flame  
I see myself, all stained with sin,  
And bow my head with shame.

But, O my God, Thy Son hath died,  
And from the dust I rise,  
And from myself and all my sins  
To Thee I lift mine eyes.

My sins are dark, but over all  
Thy burning love I see ;  
And all my soul is full of praise,  
And worships only Thee.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

*Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.*

142.

BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God :  
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their Pattern and their King,—

Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
And for His dwelling and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;  
May ours this blessing be ;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.

Verses 1 and 3 by JOHN KEBLE, 1819 ; the others by W. J. HALL  
or E. OSLER, 1886.

143.

STILL is the traitor heart,  
Silent the lips forsworn ;  
But who shall bear his truer part,  
Fighting for faith new-born ?

O risen Master, hear  
Thy loyal followers' voice ;  
In their assembling be Thou near,  
Thyself direct their choice.

The lot in silence cast  
Reveals Matthias' name.  
Be strong, true saint, retrieve the past,  
Bear thou thy cross of shame.

And O, when false hearts fail,  
Dreading the battle's stress ;  
When bravest spirits shrink and quail,  
And foemen round us press,

Now, as of old, be nigh,  
Great Leader of the host,  
Thy courage give, Thy strength supply,  
That none desert his post.

So, in that land of light  
Where false to true gives place,  
We, by Thy love and in Thy might,  
Shall stand before Thy face.

HERBERT A. JAMES, 1889.



*Annunciation of the blessed Virgin Mary.*

144.

• HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury filled  
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

*SS. Philip and James.*

145.

THOU art the Way : by Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth : Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart :  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life : the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life :  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

BISHOP DOANE, 1824.

*St. Barnabas.*

146.

O SON of God, our Captain of salvation,  
Thyself by suffering schooled to human grief,  
We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,  
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief ;

Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs  
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host ;  
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours  
To bear Thy saving name from coast to coast ;

Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,  
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
And wins the sundered to be one again ;

And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation  
To cast his all at Thine apostles' feet ;  
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,  
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

Thus, Lord, Thy blessed saint in memory keeping,  
Still be Thy church's watchword, " Comfort ye ;"  
Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,  
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.

*St. John Baptist.*

147.

WHO shall be the last great seer  
That the world goes forth to hear ?  
What shall be his warning cry  
When the day of doom draws nigh ?  
Whence shall come the magic power,  
That in man's supremest hour  
Smooths the rough and rugged road  
For the highway of our God ?

Few and short the words he speaks ;  
Plain and straight the goal he seeks ;  
Round his path shall never shine  
Festal pomp nor wondrous sign ;  
Lonely course and hopeless fight,  
Rising doubt and dwindling light,—  
Such the lot of him whose name  
Burns with more than prophet's flame.

“ Change the heart and soul and mind,  
Dark for bright and hard for kind ;  
Wash you clean from stains of earth ;  
Leap into a second birth ;  
People, soldier, scribe, and priest,  
Each from thrall of self released,  
Live a life sincere and true,  
For your King is close in view.”

Thus he spake, that heaven-sent man,  
Foremost in the battle's van,  
Herald of an unseen Light,  
Martyr for the simple right.  
May we learn on this his day,  
That in duty's homely way  
Bravely, firmly, humbly trod,  
Man can best prepare for God.

ARTHUR P. STANLEY, 1879.

148.

O ROCK of ages, one Foundation,  
On which the living church doth rest,—  
The church, whose walls are strong salvation,  
Whose gates are praise,—Thy name be blest !

Son of the living God, O call us  
Once and again to follow Thee ;  
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,  
Thy true disciples still to be.

When fears appal, and faith is failing,  
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,  
“ Why doubt ? ”—and in Thy love prevailing  
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

And if our coward hearts deny Thee,  
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,  
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,  
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

O strengthen Thou our weak endeavour  
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,  
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,  
And find Thee with us to the end.

HENRY A. MARTIN, 1872.

*St. James.*

149.

FOR all Thy saints, a noble throng,  
Who fell by fire and sword,  
Who soon were called, or waited long,  
We praise Thy name, O Lord ;

For him who left his father's side,  
Nor linger'd by the shore,  
When, softer than the weltering tide,  
Thy summons glided o'er ;

Who stood beside the maiden dead,  
Who climb'd the mount with Thee,  
And saw the glory round Thy head,  
One of Thy chosen three ;

Who knelt beneath the olive shade,  
Who drank Thy cup of pain,  
And pass'd from Herod's flashing blade  
To see Thy face again.

Lord, give us grace, and give us love,  
Like him to leave behind  
Earth's cares and joys, and look above  
With true and earnest mind.

So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
So meek and firm be found,  
When Thou shalt come to take us up  
Where Thine elect are crowned.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1874.

*St. Michael and All Angels.*

150.

THOU whose unseen servants stand,  
Prompt to work Thy high command,  
Keep Thy children, Lord, we pray,  
In the safe and narrow way.  
If the willing spirit fail,  
If the Tempter's lure prevail,  
Give Thine angels charge that we  
In their hands upheld may be.

If in youth we follow far  
Treacherous light or wandering star ;  
If for pleasure, wealth, or fame,  
Earth the heaven-born soul would claim ;  
If for aid a brother cry,  
And we pass unheeding by,  
Give Thine angels charge that we  
In their hands upheld may be.

If our bark be tempest-tost,  
Love, and faith, and hope be lost ;  
If our sins before us rise,  
And we dread to meet Thine eyes ;  
When we call on Thee to save,  
Thou, who once didst still the wave,  
Give Thine angels charge that we  
In their hands upheld may be.

They within the heavenly place  
Evermore behold Thy face ;  
Sinless they, while we from sin  
But with death our freedom win ;  
Now with them our voice we raise  
Thy thrice-holy name to praise,  
They Thy ministers, and we  
Heirs of God with Christ to be.

HENRY T. RHOADES, 1896.

*St. Michael and All Angels.*

151.

IT came upon the midnight clear,  
That glorious song of old,  
From angels bending near the earth  
To touch their harps of gold :—  
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men  
From heaven's all-gracious King.  
The world in solemn stillness lay  
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come  
With graceful wings unfurled ;  
And still their heavenly music floats  
O'er all the weary world :  
Above its sad and lowly plains  
They bend on hovering wing,  
And ever o'er its Babel sounds  
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath some crushing load  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,  
Look now, for glad and golden hours  
Come swiftly on the wing ;  
O rest beside the weary road,  
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,  
By prophets seen of old,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Shall come the time foretold,  
When the new heaven and earth shall own  
The Prince of Peace their King,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS, 1849.



152.

WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,  
O Priest and Sacrifice divine,  
For Thy dear saint through whom we know  
So many a gracious word of Thine;

Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale  
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,  
And for a moment lift the veil  
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.

How many a soul with guilt oppressed  
Has learned to hear the joyful sound  
In that sweet tale of sin confessed,  
The Father's love, the lost and found!

What countless worshippers have sung,  
In lowly fane or lofty choir,  
The song that loosed the silent tongue  
Of him who was the Baptist's sire!

And still the church through all her days  
Uplifts the strains that never cease,  
The blessed Virgin's hymn of praise,  
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

O happy saint! whose sacred page,  
So rich in words of truth and love,  
Pours on the church from age to age  
This healing unction from above;

The witness of the Saviour's life,  
The great Apostle's chosen friend  
Through weary years of toil and strife,  
And still found faithful to the end.

So grant us, Lord, like him to live,  
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,  
Till Thou at last the summons give,  
And we, with him, Thy face shall see.

153.

SAINTS of God, whom faith united  
In the twelve Apostles' band ;  
Who for Christ in pain delighted,  
Who are now at Christ's right hand ;  
Ye had many a bitter trial,  
Ye were scorned and set at nought,  
Fearing nothing but denial  
Of the Lord for whom ye fought.

Called on earth to different stations  
In the battle of the Lord,  
Ye went on through tribulations,  
Faith your shield, and truth your sword :  
Far apart, through toils and dangers  
Passed ye onward to your rest ;  
In the land where none are strangers,  
Now together ye are blest.

Leaves of autumn tell the story  
How our lives must also pass,  
And that this world's pomp and glory  
Fadeth like the summer grass :  
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,  
Earthly hopes but poor at best ;  
Christ's true martyrs, we would follow  
In your steps, and gain our rest !

Him whose love mankind created,  
Him who came for man to bleed,  
Him who hath regenerated  
Us and all His chosen seed,  
We, as we are onward pressing  
To His glorious home on high,  
With His saints and angels blessing,  
Now and ever magnify.

JOHN M. NEALE, 1846.

154.

WHAT are these in bright array,  
This innumerable throng,  
Round the altar, night and day,  
Hymning their triumphant song ?  
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,  
" Blessing, honour, glory, power,  
" Wisdom, riches, to obtain,  
" New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod ;  
These from great afflictions came ;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Sealed with His almighty name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor palms in every hand,  
Through their dear Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed ;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne  
Shall to living fountains lead :  
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;  
Perfect love dispels all fear ;  
And for ever from their eyes  
God shall wipe away the tear.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

155.

WHO are these like stars appearing,  
These before God's throne who stand ?  
Each a golden crown is wearing ;  
Who are all this glorious band ?  
Alleluia ! hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
Clothed in God's own righteousness ?  
These whose robes of purest whiteness  
Shall their lustre still possess,  
Still untouched by time's rude hand ;  
Whence comes all this glorious band ?

These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng ;  
These who well the fight sustained  
Victory by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified ;  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,  
Did as priests before Him stand,  
Soul and body always waiting  
Day and night at His command :  
Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before His face.

FRANCES E. COX, 1841, from the German of H. T. SCHENCK, 1719.

156.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar :  
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame :

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bowed their necks the death to feel :  
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain :  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

BISHOP HEBER, d. 1833.

157.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
The saints in countless myriads stand :  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came ;  
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more ;  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;  
The tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see the Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him their loud Hosannas raise :

Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain  
Through endless years to live and reign ;  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God.

Probably by ROWLAND HILL, 1788, varied by THOMAS COTTERILL, 1810.

158.

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss ?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be  
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where on the bosom of their God  
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here.

Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,  
Whom heaven and earth adore ;  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God for evermore.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1852.

159.

POUR out Thy Spirit from on high :  
Lord, Thine ordainèd servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
The pastors of the churches be.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :

To watch and pray and never faint,  
By day and night strict guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
Nourish Thy lambs and feed Thy sheep :

Then, when their work is finished here,  
In humble hope their charge resign :  
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,  
O God, may they and we be Thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1838.



*Holy Communion.*

160.

HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen ;  
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness ;  
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood :  
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—  
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone :  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

*Holy Communion.*

161.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel,  
And, thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love,  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food ;  
Our meat, the body of the Lord,  
Our drink, His precious blood.

Thus would we all Thy word obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine,  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

EDWARD OSLER, 1886.

*Holy Communion.*

162.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed ;  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed ;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

BISHOP HEBER. d. 1826.

*Holy Communion.*

163.

MY God, and is Thy table spread,  
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?  
Was not for us the Victim slain ?  
Are we forbid the children's bread ?

O let Thy table honoured be  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared,  
With hearts inflamed let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive Thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live ;  
And more that energy afford,  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, d. 1751.

*Holy Communion.*

164.

FORGIVE, O Lord, our wanderings past ;  
Henceforth we would obey Thy call ;  
Our sins far from us may we cast,  
And turn to Thee devoutly all :  
Then with archangels we shall sing  
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

Hear us, O Lord, in mercy hear ;  
With sorrow we our guilt deplore ;  
Pity our grief, and calm our fear,  
And give us grace to sin no more :  
Then with archangels we shall sing  
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

While at Thy table, Lord, we kneel,  
And of Thy holy rite partake,  
Our pardon there vouchsafe to seal,  
For Jesus our Redeemer's sake :  
Then with archangels we shall sing  
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

ANON. (Foundling Collection), circ. 1796, varied  
by J. KEMPTHORNE, 1810.

*Holy Communion.*

165.

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,  
For Thy flesh is meat indeed :  
Ever may our souls be fed  
With this true and living bread ;  
Day by day with strength supplied,  
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give ;  
To Thy cross we look and live.  
Jesu, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

Varied from JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

*Holy Communion.*

166.

BLEST Jesu, at Thy gracious word,  
We break the hallowed bread,  
We shew anew Thy death, O Lord,  
On Thee by faith we feed.

That cup of blessing blessed by Thee.  
Let it Thy blood impart ;  
That bread Thy mystic body be,  
And cheer each fainting heart.

Thy grace, which sure salvation brings,  
Lord, may we now receive :  
Fill Thou the hungry with good things,  
Thy hidden manna give.

The living Bread, sent down from heaven,  
In us vouchsafe to be :  
Thy flesh for all the world is given,  
And all may live by Thee.

Now, Lord, on us Thy flesh bestow,  
And let us drink Thy blood,  
Till all our souls are filled below  
With all the life of God.

Varied from CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

*Holy Communion.*

167.

DRAW nigh, and take the body of the Lord,  
And drink the holy blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that body, hallowed by that blood,  
With souls refreshed we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ the only Son,  
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Giveth His holy grace His saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the pledges of salvation here.

He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields ;

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.

Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow  
All nations at the doom, be with us now.

Translation by J. M. NEALE, 1851, of a Latin Hymn,  
perhaps of the 7th century, and of Irish origin.



*Holy Communion.*

168.

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love  
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's tree,  
And having with us Him that pleads above,  
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee  
That only offering perfect in Thine eyes,  
The one true, pure, immortal sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,  
And only look on us as found in Him;  
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;  
For lo! between our sins and their reward  
We set the passion of Thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
By this prevailing presence we appeal;  
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast;  
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;  
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,  
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,  
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still;  
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,  
Deliver us from every touch of ill;  
In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

WILLIAM BRIGHT, 1874.

*Holy Communion.*

169.

ACCORDING to 'Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

Can I Gethsemane forget,  
Or there Thy conflict see,  
Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee ?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee—

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me ;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesu, remember me.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

*Holy Communion.*

170.

JESUS, Thou Joy of loving hearts,  
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,  
From the best bliss that earth imparts,  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, all in all.

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still ;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay ;  
Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
Chase the dark night of sin away ;  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Translation by RAY PALMER, 1858, of a *Latin Hymn*  
by ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, circ. 1150.

*Holy Communion.*

171.

O CHRIST, our God, who with Thine own hast been,  
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed  
May heed Thy love, and prize Thy gifts indeed.

Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place  
A watered garden filled with fruits of grace.

Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;  
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

Illuminate our minds, that we may see  
In all around us holy signs of Thee ;

And may such witness in our lives appear,  
That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possess'd,  
Thy life within us we may manifest.

So shall we pass our days in holy fear,  
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

So shalt Thou be for ever, loving Lord,  
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

G. H. BOURNE, 1874.

*Almsgiving.*

172.

WE plough the fields and scatter  
The good seed on the land ;  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's almighty hand.  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above ;  
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,  
For all His love.

He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far ;  
He paints the wayside flower ;  
He lights the evening star ;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed ;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
All good gifts around us, &c.

We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food.  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.  
All good gifts around us, &c.

Translation by JANE M. CAMPBELL, 1861, from  
the German of MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS, 1782.

*Almsgiving.*

173.

HOLY offerings, rich and rare,  
Offerings of praise and prayer,  
Purer life and purpose high,  
Claspèd hands, uplifted eye,  
Lowly acts of adoration  
To the God of our salvation—  
On His altar laid we leave them :  
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

Promises in sorrow made,  
Left, alas ! too long unpaid,  
Fervent wishes, earnest thought,  
Never into action wrought—  
Long withheld, we now restore them,  
On Thy holy altar pour them,  
There in trembling faith to leave them :  
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

Vows and longings, hopes and fears,  
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,  
Dreams of what we yet might be,  
Could we cling more close to Thee,  
Which, despite of faults and failings,  
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them :  
Christ, present them ! God, receive them !

Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,  
Love of self and human praise,  
Pride of life and lust of eye,  
Worldly pomp and vanity—  
Faults that let and will not leave us,  
Though their staying sorely grieve us,  
Help, O help us to outlive them ;  
Christ, atone for, God, forgive them !

*Almsgiving.*

174.

O LORD of heaven and earth and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be ;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Giver of all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare ;  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Giver of all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Giver of all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessèd One  
Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the Holy Spirit's dower,  
Spirit of life and love and power, .  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,  
Father, what can to Thee be given  
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend ;  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all ;

To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give :  
O may we ever with Thee live,  
Giver of all !

BISHOP WORDSWORTH, 1863.

*Almsgiving.*

175.

LORD of glory, who hast bought us  
With Thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging for the lost ones  
That tremendous sacrifice,  
And with that hast freely given  
Blessings countless as the sand  
To the unthankful and the evil  
With Thine own unsparing hand ;

Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee  
Gladly, freely of Thine own ;  
With the sunshine of Thy goodness  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;  
Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by Thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessed  
'Tis to give than to receive.

Wondrous honour hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity  
In Thine own mysterious sentence,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."  
Can it be, O gracious Master,  
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,  
"Give as I have given to you ?"

Yes, the sorrow and the suffering,  
Which on every hand we see,  
Channels are for tithes and offerings  
Due by solemn right to Thee ;  
Right of which we may not rob Thee,  
Debt we may not choose but pay,  
Lest that face of love and pity  
Turn from us another day.

Lord of glory, who hast bought us  
With Thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging for the lost ones  
That tremendous sacrifice,  
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee ;  
But, O best of all Thy graces,  
Give us Thine own charity.

E. S. ALDERSON, 1864.



176.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile ?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole :  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

BISHOP HEBER, 1819.

177.

HILLS of the north, rejoice ;  
River and mountain spring,  
Hark to the advent voice ;  
Valley and lowland, sing :  
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh :  
He judgment brings and victory.

Isles of the southern seas,  
Deep in your coral caves  
Pent be each warring breeze,  
Lulled be your restless waves :  
He comes to reign with boundless sway  
And make your wastes His great highway.

Lands of the east, awake ;  
Soon shall your sons be free ;  
The sleep of ages break,  
And rise to liberty.  
On your far hills, long cold and gray,  
Has dawned the everlasting day.

Shores of the utmost west,  
Ye that have waited long,  
Unvisited, unblest,  
Break forth to swelling song :  
High raise the note, that Jesus died,  
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

Shout while ye journey home,  
Songs be in every mouth ;  
Lo, from the north we come,  
From east, and west, and south.  
City of God, the bond are free :  
We come to live and reign in Thee.

CHARLES EDWARD OAKLEY, d. 1865.

178.

THOU, whose almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight ;  
Hear us, we humbly pray ;  
And where the gospel's day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
O now to all mankind  
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight :  
Move on the water's face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light.

Holy and Blessèd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the earth, far and wide,  
Let there be light.

JOHN MARRIOTT, circ. 1818.

*Missions.*

179.

WE give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be :  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

O, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be :  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

*Missions.*

180.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass ;  
Ye bars of iron, yield ;  
And let the King of glory pass ;  
The cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star  
That leads the train of night,  
Shines on their march, and guides from far  
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage  
In that mysterious strife ;  
The powers of heaven and hell engage  
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,  
Ye warriors of Christ's host,  
Where hallowed footstep never trod,  
Take your appointed post.

Though few and small and weak your bands,  
Strong in your Captain's strength  
Go to the conquest of all lands :  
All must be His at length.

Then fear not, faint not, halt not now ;  
In Jesus' name be strong :  
To Him shall every creature bow,  
And sing the triumph-song :

Uplifted are the gates of brass,  
The bars of iron yield ;  
Behold the King of glory pass :  
The cross hath won the field.

J. MONTGOMERY, circ. 1843.

181.

THOU to whom the sick and dying  
Ever came, nor came in vain,  
Still with healing words replying  
To the wearied cry of pain,  
Hear us, Jesu, as we meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care ;  
On Thy higher help relying,  
May we now their burden share,  
Bringing all our offerings meet,  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Every comfort to impart,  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness  
To Thy healing power yield,  
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,  
One in Thee together meet,  
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

GODFREY TERING, 1870.

*Confirmation.*

182.

LORD, shall Thy children come to Thee?

A boon of love divine we seek ;  
Brought to Thine arms in infancy,  
Ere heart could feel, or tongue could speak,  
Thy children pray for grace, that they  
May come themselves to Thee to-day.

Lord, shall we come ? and come again ?

Oft as we see yon table spread,  
And, tokens of Thy dying pain,  
The wine poured out, the broken bread,  
Bless, bless, O Lord, Thy children's prayer,  
That they may come and find Thee there.

Lord, shall we come ? not thus alone

At holy time, or solemn rite,  
But every hour till life be flown,  
Through weal or woe, in gloom or light,  
Come to Thy throne of grace, that we  
In faith, hope, love, confirmed may be ?

Lord, shall we come ? come yet again ?

Thy children ask one blessing more ;  
To come, not now alone, but then,  
When life, and death, and time are o'er ;  
Then, then to come, O Lord, and be  
Confirmed in heaven, confirmed by Thee.

BISHOP SAMUEL HINDS, 1884 : (Stanza 8 added  
by H. J. BUCKOLL, circ. 1848).

*Confirmation.*

183.

THINE for ever ! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above :  
Thine for ever may we be,  
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife ;  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! O how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MARY F. MAUDE, 1847.



*Confirmation.*

184.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through His eternal Son ;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in His mighty power :  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day ;

That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand entire at last.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

*Confirmation.*

185.

WHEN Thy soldiers take their swords,  
When they speak the solemn words,  
When they kneel before Thee here,  
Feeling Thee their Father near ;  
    These Thy children, Lord, defend ;  
    To their help Thy Spirit send.

When the world's sharp strife is nigh,  
When they hear the battle-cry,  
When they rush into the fight,  
Knowing not temptation's might ;  
    These Thy children, Lord, defend ;  
    To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

When their hearts are lifted high  
With success or victory ;  
When they feel the conqueror's pride ;—  
Lest they grow self-satisfied,  
    These Thy children, Lord, defend ;  
    Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

When the vows that they have made,  
When the prayers that they have prayed,  
Shall be fading from their hearts ;  
When their first warm faith departs ;  
    These Thy children, Lord, defend ;  
    Keep them faithful to the end.

Through life's conflict guard us all ;  
Or if wounded some should fall  
Ere the victory be won,  
For the sake of Christ Thy Son  
    These Thy children, Lord, defend,  
    And in death Thy comfort lend.

FRANCES M. OWEN, 1872.

*After Confirmation.*

186.

O JESUS, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend ;  
I shall not fear the battle,  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway,  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me :  
The world is ever near ;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear ;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within ;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

O let me hear Thee speaking,  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will ;  
O speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control ;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be ;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

JOHN E. BODE, 1869.

*After Confirmation.*

187.

NOT always on the mount may we  
Rapt in the heavenly vision be :  
The shores of thought and feeling know  
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here,  
We cry, the heavenly presence near :  
The vision vanishes ; our eyes  
Are lifted into vacant skies.

Yet hath one such exalted hour  
Upon the soul redeeming power ;  
And in its strength through after-days  
We travel our appointed ways :

Till all the lowly vale grows bright,  
Transfigured in remembered light ;  
And in untiring souls we bear  
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision ; but below  
The paths of daily duty go :  
And nobler life therein shall own  
The pattern on the mountain shown.

E. L. HOSMER, 1882.

*Funeral.*

188.

ON the resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again ;  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
No more pain.

Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
Wrapt in sleep.

For a while the tired body  
To its resting-place is borne,  
Till there breaks the last and brightest  
Easter morn.

But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong,  
Breaking at the resurrection  
Into song.

Soul and body re-united  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in Christ's own likeness  
Satisfied.

O the beauty, O the gladness  
Of that resurrection day,  
Which shall not, through endless ages,  
Pass away !

On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore,  
Father, sister, child, and mother  
Meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last,  
To Thy cross, through death and judgment,  
Holding fast.

S. BARING GOULD, 1886.

*Funeral.*

189.

A VOICE is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping  
The loss of one they love ;  
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping  
A festival above.

The mourners throng the way, and from the steeple  
The funeral bell tolls slow :  
But on the golden streets the holy people  
Are passing to and fro ;

And saying, as they meet, Rejoice ! another,  
Long waited for, is come :  
The Saviour's heart is glad ; a younger brother  
Hath reached the Father's home.

J. D. BURKS, 1858.

*Funeral.*

190.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?  
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

BISHOP E. H. BICKERSTETH, 1875.

191.

NOW the labourer's task is o'er;  
Now the battle-day is past;  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace;  
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,  
He who died for their release.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust"—  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the resurrection day.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1871.



*National.*

192.

PRAISE to our God, whose bounteous hand  
Prepared of old our glorious land,  
A garden fenced with silver sea,  
A people prosperous, strong, and free.

Praise to our God ! Through all the past  
His mighty arm hath held us fast,  
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,  
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God ! The vine He set  
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;  
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;  
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God ! His power alone  
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne,  
Sustained by counsels wise and just,  
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God ! Though chastenings stern  
Our evil dross should throughly burn,  
His rod and staff from age to age  
Shall rule and guide His heritage.

J. ELLERTON, 1871.

*National.*

193.

TO Thee our God we fly  
For mercy and for grace :  
O hear our lowly cry,  
And hide not Thou Thy face.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Arise, O Lord of hosts ;  
Be jealous for Thy name,  
And drive from out our coasts  
The sins that put to shame.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

The powers ordained by Thee  
With heavenly wisdom bless ;  
May they Thy servants be  
And rule in righteousness.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Give peace, Lord, in our time ;  
O let no foe draw nigh,  
Nor lawless deed of crime  
Insult Thy Majesty.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

Though vile and worthless, still  
Thy people, Lord, are we ;  
And for our God we will  
None other have but Thee.  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our fatherland.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1871.

*Beginning of Term.*

194.

(PSALM CXVII.)

O OMNES gentes undique,  
Laudate Dominum ;  
Laudate, omnes populi,  
Per orbis ambitum.

Nam ingens est hominibus  
Illius bonitas ;  
Et per aeterna saecula  
Illius veritas.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Honor et gloria,  
Sancto simul Paraclito,  
Dum current saecula.

Varied from the Communion Office in the *Liber Precum*,  
Christ Church, Oxford, 1726.

*Beginning of Term.*

195.

(PSALM CXVII.)

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
To earth's remotest bound ;  
O praise ye Him, ye people all,  
The spacious globe around.

For aye His goodness unto men  
Doth more and more increase ;  
Nor e'er His truth, that changeth not,  
From age to age shall cease.

All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory to the Holy Ghost,  
While endless ages run.

English Version of the preceding (anonymous).

*Beginning of Term.*

196.

FATHER, let me dedicate  
All my times to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have me be.  
Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
Freedom dare I claim;  
This alone shall be my prayer—  
Glorify Thy name.

Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify Thy name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair;  
Brighter rays may shine;  
Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy name.

If Thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home;  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
"Glorify Thy name."

LAURENCE TUTTLETT, 1864.

*First Sunday of Term.*

197.

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,  
Once again assembled here ;  
Onward be our footsteps pressing,  
In Thy love and faith and fear :  
Still protect us  
By Thy presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,  
For this rest upon our way :  
Lord, again we bow before Thee,  
Speed our labours day by day :  
Mind and spirit  
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home-affection  
Still alive in every heart ;  
May its power, with mild direction,  
Draw our love from self apart ;  
Till Thy children  
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,  
Shielding all with guardian care,  
Safe in every careless hour,  
Safe from sloth and sensual snare :  
Thou, our Saviour,  
Still our failing strength repair.

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1848.

*Last Sunday of Term.*

198.

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;  
Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon all, their faults confessing ;  
Time that's lost may all retrieve ;  
May Thy children  
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;  
Help us selfish lures to flee ;  
Sanctify our every pleasure,  
Pure and spotless may it be ;  
May our gladness  
Draw us evermore to Thee.

By Thy kindly influence cherish  
All the good we here have gained ;  
May all taint of evil perish,  
By Thy mightier power restrained ;  
Seek we ever  
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding  
All who here shall meet no more ;  
May their seed-time past be yielding  
Year by year a richer store ;  
Those returning  
Make more faithful than before.

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1848.

199.

THOU Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand  
Hath brought us here before Thy face,  
Our spirits wait for Thy command,  
Our silent hearts implore Thy grace.

Again we lay our noblest powers  
As offerings on Thy holy shrine :  
Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;  
The soldiers of the cross are Thine.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand  
To give our strength to Thee, great God.  
We would redeem Thy holy land,  
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,  
Through rugged toil and wearying fight :  
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,  
And faith in Thee our truest might.

Send down Thy constant aid, we pray ;  
Be Thy pure angels with us still ;  
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;  
Our only rest, to do Thy will.



*End of Term.*

200.

WITH the sweet word of peace  
We bid our brethren go ;  
Peace as a river to increase,  
And ceaseless flow.

With the calm word of prayer  
We earnestly commend  
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,  
Eternal Friend.

With the dear word of love  
We give our brief farewell ;  
Our love below, and Thine above  
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee ;  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their Help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earthborn dream.

Farewell, in hope, and love,  
In faith, and peace, and prayer,  
Till He whose home is ours above  
Unite us there !

Varied from GEORGE WATSON, 1868.

*End of Year.*

## 201.

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay :  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living Way.

Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own ;  
Help, O help us to endure ;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

HENRY DOWNTON, 1841

*Sunday nearest to June 12.\**

## 202.

FATHER, to Thee our life is owing ;  
And, when each birth-tide's morn appears,  
From Thee our home-delights are flowing,  
With all which earthly love endears,  
While joyous faces round us press,  
To share and swell our happiness.

Yet purer joys and nobler meetings  
Wait on the spirit's natal day ;  
While friends above, with angel-greetings,  
Welcome its flight from mortal clay ;  
And happy souls, redeemed from earth,  
Hail one more spirit's hour of birth.

And bright each Sunday morn that shineth,  
O Saviour, on Thy church below :  
Yet e'en its holiest bliss declineth  
Before the joys Thine angels know,  
Before that glorious Sabbath-rest,  
With which Thy church in heaven is blest.

E'en thus, full many a gracious blessing  
Thou, Lord, hast given to sense and sight ;  
And blest is he, these gifts possessing,  
Who uses all in Thee aright,  
Who owns from Thee such boons divine,  
"Hath seen," and "hath believed" them Thine.

Yet doubly blest, by faith ascending  
Beyond the gaze of mortal eye,  
Who grasps, on Thy sure word depending,  
Each viewless, great reality,  
"Not seen" as yet, not yet received ;  
Hath trusted Thee, and "hath believed !"

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1848.

\* Dr. Arnold died on Sunday, June 12, 1842 ; the next day would have been his 47th birthday. At the beginning of the short illness which caused his death, he repeated the words : " And Jesus said unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen thou hast believed ; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." (See Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*.)

203.

FATHER, hear Thy children's praises  
For the boon we own to-day ;  
Grateful love our hearts upraises,  
This our sacrifice to pay :

Thanks for all Thy mercies given,  
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,  
Means of grace, and hopes of heaven,  
Unto us, Thy chosen fold.

Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,  
Mould them by Thy gracious sway :  
Godliness and all good learning  
May we follow, day by day.

May we, these Thy bounties sharing,  
Every talent use aright,  
Still by earthly lore preparing,  
Till our faith be turned to sight ;

Till, undimmed by dark reflection,  
Face to face shall Christ be shown ;  
Knowledge rise to full perfection,  
Knowing e'en as we are known.

H. J. BUCKOLL, 1848.

*For any School Commemoration.*

204.

O JESU, strong and pure and true,  
Before Thy feet we bow ;  
The grace of earlier years renew,  
And lead us onward now.

The joyous life that year by year  
Within these walls is stored,  
The golden hope, the gladsome cheer,  
We bring to Thee, O Lord.

Our faith endow with keener powers,  
With warmer glow our love,  
And draw these halting hearts of ours  
From earth to heaven above.

In paths our bravest ones have trod  
O make us brave to go,  
That we may give our lives to God  
In serving man below.

Scorn we the selfish aim and choice,  
And love's high precept keep,  
"Rejoice with those that do rejoice,  
And weep with those that weep."

So hence shall flow fresh strength and grace,  
As from a full-fed spring,  
To make the world a better place,  
And life a worthier thing.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1896.

205.

O LIGHT, from age to age the same,  
Thou ever living Word,  
Here have we felt Thy kindling flame,  
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer  
Have winged the spirit's powers,  
And made these walls divinely fair,  
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years!  
What tender memories throng!  
Till the eye fills with happy tears,  
The heart with happy song.

Vanish the mists of time and sense;  
They come, the loved of yore,  
And one encircling Providence  
Holds all for evermore.

O not in vain their toil, who wrought  
To build faith's sacred shrine;  
Nor theirs, whose steadfast love and thought  
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide:  
While systems rise and fall,  
Faith, hope, and charity abide,  
The heart and soul of all.

*Praise.*

206.

(PSALM XVIII.)

O GOD, my Strength and Fortitude,  
Of force I must love Thee :  
Thou art my Castle and Defence  
In my necessity,

My God, my Rock in whom I trust,  
The Worker of my wealth,  
My Refuge, Buckler, and my Shield,  
The Horn of all my health.

I when beset with pain and grief  
Did pray to God for grace ;  
And He forthwith did hear my plaint  
Out of His holy place.

The Lord descended from above,  
And bowed the heavens on high,  
And underneath His feet He cast  
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim  
Full royally He rode,  
And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, d. 1549.

*Praise.*

## 207.

(PSALM XIX.)

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though no real voice or sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
“ The hand that made us is divine.”

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.



*Praise.*

**208.**

(PSALM XXXIV.)

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distrest  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name ;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.

O make but trial of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest they are, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear ;  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

*Praise.*

209.

(PSALM LXXII.)

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown His head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice ;

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns :  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again ;  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

*Praise.*

210.

(PSALM LXXXIV.)

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place,  
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shewest  
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire  
To view Thy blest abode ;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in Thy temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display !

Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee  
Their sure protection made ;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to Thy dwelling lead.

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
And still approach more near,  
Till all on Zion's holy mount  
Before their God appear.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

*Praise.*

## 211.

(PSALM XCII.)

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing,  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest :  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast.  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word ;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desired or wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

*Praise.*

212.

(PSALM XCIII.)

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,  
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is Thy throne,  
Which shall no change or period see.  
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
But God above can still their noise,  
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;  
And they that in Thy house would dwell,  
That happy station to secure  
Must still in holiness excel.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

*Praise.*

213.

(PSALM XCIII.)

GOD the Lord a King remaineth,  
Robed in His own glorious light ;  
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth ;  
He hath girded Him with might.  
Hallelujah !  
God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station  
Earth is poised, to swerve no more ;  
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,  
From all time where thought can soar.  
Hallelujah !  
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,  
Ocean-floods have lift their roar :  
Now they pause where they have drifted,  
Now they burst upon the shore :  
Hallelujah  
For the ocean's sounding store !

With all tones of waters blending,  
Glorious is the breaking deep ;  
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,  
God who reigns on heaven's high steep.  
Hallelujah !  
Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words Thy lips are telling  
Are the perfect verity :  
Of Thine high eternal dwelling  
Holiness shall inmate be.  
Hallelujah !  
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

JOHN KEEBLE, 1889.

*Praise.*

214.

(PSALM XCV.)

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
Loud thanks to our almighty King ;  
For we our voices high should raise,  
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,  
To thank Him for His favours past ;  
To Him address in joyful songs  
The praise that to His name belongs.

The depths of earth are in His hand,  
Her secret wealth at His command ;  
The strength of hills that reach the skies  
Subjected to His empire lies.

The rolling ocean's vast abyss  
By the same sovereign right is His ;  
'Tis moved by His almighty hand,  
That formed and fixed the solid land.

O let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there ;  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

*Praise.*

**215.**

(PSALM C.)

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell ;  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make :  
We are His folk, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise ;  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

WILLIAM KETTER, 1580-1.



*Praise.*

**216.**

(PSALM C.)

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719, varied by JOHN WESLEY, 1786-7.

*Praise.*

217.

(PSALM CIII.)

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven  
To His feet thy tribute bring ;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise shall sing ?  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress ;  
Praise Him, still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide and swift to bless ;  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like He tends and spares us ;  
Well our feeble frame He knows ;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescues us from all our foes :  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him ;  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him ;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

*Praise.*

218.

(PSALM CIV.)

O WORSHIP the King,  
All-glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love ;  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath  
Deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail.  
Thy mercies, how tender !  
How firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might,  
Ineffable Love :  
While angels delight  
To hymn Thee above,  
Thy ransomed creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall sing to Thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1888, based upon an earlier version  
by WILLIAM KETHE, 1561.

*Praise.*

## 219.

(PSALM CXXXVI.)

LET us, with a gladsome mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind ;  
Let us blaze His name abroad,  
For of gods He is the God ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
He hath with a piteous eye  
Seen us in our misery ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living He doth feed ;  
His full hand supplies their need :  
Let us therefore warble forth  
His great majesty and worth ;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Abridged from JOHN MILTON, 1623 (æet. 15).

*Praise.*

**220.**

(PSALM CXLVIII.)

YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame,  
His praise your song employ  
Above the starry frame ;  
Your voices raise,  
Ye Cherubim  
And Seraphim,  
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day,  
Ye glittering stars of light,  
To Him your homage pay.  
His praise declare,  
Ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move  
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,  
And praise His holy name,  
By whose almighty word  
They all from nothing came ;  
And all shall last  
From changes free ;  
His firm decree  
Stands ever fast.

*Praise.*

**221.**

(PSALM CXLVIII.)

PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens, adore Him ;  
Praise Him, angels, in the height ;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him ;  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light.  
Praise the Lord, for He hath spoken :  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed :  
Laws, that never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord, for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail :  
God hath made His saints victorious ;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;  
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name.

Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
Lord, we offer unto Thee :  
Young and old, Thy praise confessing,  
In glad homage bend the knee.  
As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
We would bow before Thy throne ;  
As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
So on earth Thy will be done.

Verses 1 and 2 written for use at the Foundling Hospital, circ. 1801.

Verse 3 by E. OSLER, 1836.

*Praise.*

**222.**

HARK, the song of jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,  
Or the fulness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore !  
Hallelujah ! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign ;  
Hallelujah ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Hallelujah ! hark, the sound  
From the depths unto the skies  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All creation's harmonies.  
See Jehovah's banners furled,  
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks, 'tis done ;  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away.  
Then the end :—beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall :  
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is All in all.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818.

*Praise.*

223.

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen,  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say  
“ Our beauties are but for a day.”

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky  
And moon and sun in answer said  
“ Our days of light are numbered.”

O God, O good beyond compare,  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

BISHOP HEBER, d. 1820.



224.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,  
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;  
For all their beauty, all their worth,  
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,  
The trees that wave their arms above,  
The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,  
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze with thoughtful eye  
On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
Help us in Thee to live and die,  
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

BISHOP COTTON, 1856.

*.Praise.*

## 225.

STAND up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.

O for the living flame,  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, inspire our minds,  
And wing to heaven our thought !

God is our Strength and Song,  
And His salvation ours :  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up and bless the Lord ;  
The Lord your God adore ;  
Stand up and bless His glorious name,  
Now and for evermore.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1824.

*Praise.*

226.

NOW thank we all our God  
With hearts and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom His world rejoices ;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us ;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God,  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With Them in highest heaven,  
The one eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore,  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

Translation by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858, from the German  
of MARTIN RINKART, 1648, or perhaps earlier.

*Praise.*

227.

WE love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thine altar, Lord;  
O what on earth so dear?  
For there, in faith adored,  
We find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,  
The word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given;  
But O we long to know  
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
In heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy saints adore.

WILLIAM BULLOCK, 1854, and SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1860.

*Praise.*

**228.**

LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure  
That our happy lifetime gives,  
The inestimable treasure  
Of a soul that ever lives ;  
Mind that looks before and after,  
Yearning for its home above,  
Human tears, and human laughter,  
And the depth of human love ;

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness  
Of our pulses flowing free :  
E'en for every touch of sadness  
That may bring us nearer Thee ;  
But above all other kindness,  
Thine unutterable love,  
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,  
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number,  
That we may be early wise ;  
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber,  
Never dull our heavenward eyes ;  
Hearty be our work, and willing,  
As to Thee, and not to men,  
For we know our soul's fulfilling  
Is in heaven ;—not till then.

T. W. JEX-BLAKE, 1855.

229.

SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to hallowed lays :  
Streams of mercy never ceasing  
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.  
Teach me some melodious measure  
Sung by raptured saints above ;  
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,  
While I celebrate Thy love.

Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God,  
And, to rescue me from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood ;  
Safe thus far, by Thee defended,  
In my stage of life I'm come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Varied from ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758.

*Praise.*

230.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou  
With health renewed my face ;  
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise ;  
For O eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

*Praise.*

231.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne :  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus!"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For He was slain for us!"

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine,  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,  
And speak Thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.



*Praise.*

232.

JESU, my Lord, my God, my all,  
Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, too late I Thee have sought ;  
How can I love Thee as I ought ?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name ?

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly ?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought !

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

Jesu, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong ;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.

Jesu, my Lord, I Thee adore ;  
O make me love Thee more and more.

HENRY COLLINS, 1854.

*Praise.*

233.

GLORY be to God on high,  
God, whose glory fills the sky :  
Peace on earth to man be given,  
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

Hail by all Thy works adored !  
Hail, the everlasting Lord !  
Thee with thankful hearts we prove  
God of power and God of love.

Christ our Lord and God we own ;  
Christ the Father's only Son ;  
Lamb of God for sinners slain ;  
Saviour of offending man.

Powerful Advocate with God,  
Justify us by Thy blood :  
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow ;  
Hear, the world's Atonement Thou.

Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone  
Art with Thy great Father one ;  
One the Holy Ghost with Thee,  
One supreme eternal Three.

Paraphrase by CHARLES WESLEY, 1739, of the 'Gloria in Excelsis' in  
the Communion Service (translated from a Greek hymn of the  
5th century or earlier).

*Praise.*

234.

YE servants of God,  
Your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad  
His wonderful name ;  
The name all-victorious  
Of Jesus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious,  
And rules over all.

God ruleth on high,  
Almighty to save ;  
And still He is nigh,  
His presence we have ;  
The great congregation  
His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation  
To Jesus our King.

Then let us adore,  
And give Him His right,  
All glory and power,  
All wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing,  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744.

*Praise.*

235.

COME, let us join our friends above  
Who have obtained the prize,  
And on the eagle wings of love  
To joys celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven, are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
One church, above, beneath;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream, of death.

One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Our spirits too shall quickly join,  
Like theirs with glory crowned,  
And shout to see our Captain's sign,  
To hear His trumpet sound.

O that we then may grasp our Guide,  
Whene'er the word be given!  
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,  
And land us all in heaven.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759.

*Praise.*

**236.**

SING to the Lord a joyful song,  
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;  
To us His gracious gifts belong,  
To Him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His name, for it is fair.

For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God, for He is great,  
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For joys untold that daily move  
Round those who love His sweet employ,  
Sing to our God, for He is love,  
Exalt His name, for it is joy.

For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life more pure on high,  
That inner life, which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die.

For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1868.

*Praise.*

## 237.

HOW beauteous are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill,  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal !

How charming is their voice,  
How sweet the tidings are !  
" Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !

How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heavenly light !  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad :  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

*Praise.*

238.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love :  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His throne above.  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given ;  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious hope ;  
Jesus the Judge will come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home :  
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice ;  
The trump of God shall sound, " Rejoice."

CHARLES WESLEY, 1744.

*Praise.*

239.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day :  
God will make new heavens, new earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come ?  
No ; the church delights to raise  
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here by faith and love  
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.



*Praise.*

240.

FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefiled,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For Thy church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

Varied from F. S. PIERPOINT, 1864.

241.

LORD of all being, throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each living heart how near !

Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn,  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn,  
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy sign,  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER W. HOLMES, 1848.

*Praise.*

242.

MY God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright !  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored !

How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !

O how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears !

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, e'er so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
With me, Thy sinful child.

My God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright !  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light !

FREDERICK W. FABER, 1849.

*Praise.*

243.

THERE was joy in heaven !  
There was joy in heaven,  
When this goodly world to frame  
The Lord of might and mercy came,  
Shouts of joy were heard on high,  
And the stars sang from the sky  
Glory to God in heaven.

There was joy in heaven !  
There was joy in heaven,  
When the billows, heaving dark,  
Sank around the stranded ark,  
And the rainbow's watery span  
Spake of mercy, hope to man,  
And peace with God in heaven.

There was joy in heaven !  
There was joy in heaven,  
When the glorious midnight beam  
Broke on the towers of Bethlehem,  
And along the echoing hill  
Angels sang, " On earth goodwill,  
And glory in the heaven !"

There is joy in heaven !  
There is joy in heaven,  
When the soul that went astray  
Turns to Christ, the living Way,  
And, by grace of heaven subdued,  
Breathes its prayer of gratitude,  
Then is there joy in heaven.

Varied from BISHOP HEBER, d. 1826.

*Praise.*

244.

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour,  
Listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King ;  
All we have to offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

Farther, ever farther,  
From Thy wounded side,  
Heedlessly we wandered,  
Wandered far and wide ;  
Till Thou cam'st in mercy  
Seeking young and old,  
Lovingly to bear them,  
Saviour, to Thy fold.

Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee.  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die ;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God ;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

GODFREY THRING, 1862.

*Praise.*

**245.**

MY God, the Spring of all my joys,  
The Life of my delights,  
The Glory of my brightest days,  
And Comfort of my nights !

In darkest shades if He appear,  
My dawning has begun :  
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,  
And He my Rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am His.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

*Praise.*

246.

YE holy angels bright,  
Who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light  
Fly at your Lord's command,  
Assist our song,  
Or else the theme  
Too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,  
Who ran this earthly race,  
And now, from sin released,  
Behold the Saviour's face,  
His praises sound,  
As in His light  
With sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go,  
Some joyful anthem sing ;  
Take what He gives,  
And praise Him still  
Through good and ill,  
Who ever lives.

My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above,  
And with a well-tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love.  
Let all thy days  
Till life shall end,  
Whate'er He send,  
Be filled with praise.

Varied from RICHARD BAXTER, 1681.

*Praise.*

247.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

O loving wisdom of our God !  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine,  
God's presence and His very Self,  
And essence all-divine.

O generous love ! that He, who smote  
In Man for man the foe,  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1865.



*Praise.*

248.

(THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.)

FATHER of mercies, let our ways  
With Thee acceptance find :  
Thy lovingkindness we confess,  
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation are Thy due,  
For life preserved by Thee,  
And all the blessings life affords,  
So great, and yet so free ;

Thanks for redemption above all,  
To us in Jesus given ;  
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,  
And for the hope of heaven.

O let a sense of this Thy grace  
Our best affections move,  
That while our lips Thy praise proclaim,  
Our hearts may feel Thy love.

THOMAS COTTERILL, 1815.

*Praise.*

249.

CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The Lamb upon His throne :  
Hark how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own !  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him who died for thee,  
And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save.  
His glories now we sing  
Who died, and rose on high,  
Who died eternal life to bring,  
And lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of love ;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Those wounds yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified.  
Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.

W. BRIDGES, 1851, AND  
G. THRING, 1880.

*Praise.*

250.

THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love;  
Jehovah, great I AM,  
By earth and heaven confessed :  
I bow, and bless the sacred name  
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand.  
I all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power,  
And Him my only Portion make,  
My Shield and Tower.

The God of Abraham praise,  
Whose all-sufficient grace  
Shall guide me all my happy days  
To see His face.  
He calls a man His friend,  
He calls Himself my God,  
And He shall save me to the end,  
Through Jesus' blood.

He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend :  
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend :  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore.

T. OLIVERS, 1770,  
based upon a Hebrew Doxology, probably of the 13th century.

*Praise.*

251.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name :  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball ;  
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,  
Who from His altar call ;  
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God incarnate, Man divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
And shout in universal song  
The crownèd Lord of all.

E. PERRONET, 1777 (recast 1780).

*Praise.*

**252.**

HARK, my soul, how everything  
Strives to serve our bounteous King :  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its part, and then obeys.

Nature's chief and sweetest quire  
Him with cheerful notes admire ;  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds.

Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have, too, their melody ;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.

All the flowers that gild the spring  
Hither their sweet music bring ;  
If Heaven bless them, thankful they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord ;  
We, on whom His bounty flows,  
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake for shame, my sluggish heart,  
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;  
Learn of birds and springs and flowers  
How to use thy nobler powers.

J. AUSTIN, 1668.

*Prayer.*

**253.**

(PSALM LXVII.)

GOD of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face :  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
Fill Thy church with life divine,  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Be by all that live adored :  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
God to man His blessings give,  
Man to God devoted live ;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

*Prayer.*

**254.**

(PSALM LXVII.)

TO bless Thy chosen race,  
In mercy, Lord, incline,  
And cause the brightness of Thy face  
On all Thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous way  
May through the world be known,  
While distant lands their tribute pay,  
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join  
To celebrate Thy fame ;  
Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,  
With joy and pious mirth :  
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

Then God upon our land  
Shall constant blessings shower,  
And all the world in awe shall stand  
Of His resistless power.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

*Prayer.*

255.

(PSALM CXIX. 9-12.)

HOW shall the young preserve their ways  
From all pollution free?  
By making still their course of life  
With God's commands agree.

With hearty zeal for Thee I seek,  
To Thee for succour pray;  
Lord, suffer not my careless steps  
From Thy right paths to stray.

Safe in my heart, and closely hid,  
Thy word, my treasure, lies,  
To succour me with timely aid  
When sinful thoughts arise.

Secured by that, my grateful soul  
Shall ever bless Thy name;  
O teach me then by Thy just laws  
My future life to frame.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.



*Prayer.*

256.

(PSALM CXXXIX.)

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
My rising up and lying down :  
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,  
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways :  
Thou knowest all my lips would vent,  
My yet unuttered words' intent.

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,  
On every side I feel Thy hand :  
O skill for human reach too high,  
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Search, prove, O Lord, my thoughts and heart,  
If sin yet lurk in any part ;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in Thy perfect way.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

257.

O THOU, who camest from above  
The pure celestial fire to impart,  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for Thy glory burn  
Unquenched, undimmed in darkest days,  
And trembling to its source return  
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesu, confirm my heart's desire,  
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;  
Still let me guard the holy fire,  
And still stir up Thy gift in me;

Ready for all Thy perfect will,  
My acts of faith and love repeat,  
Till death Thy endless mercy seal,  
And make the sacrifice complete.

Varied from CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

*Prayer.*

**258.**

WHEN the day of toil is done,  
When the race of life is run,  
Father, grant Thy wearied one  
Rest for evermore.

When the strife of sin is stilled,  
When the foe within is killed,  
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,  
Peace for evermore.

When the darkness melts away,  
At the breaking of Thy day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray,  
Light for evermore.

When the heart, by sorrow tried,  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore.

When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in Thy love to learn  
Love for evermore.

When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim his own,  
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown,  
Life for evermore.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

*Prayer.*

259.

BE Thou our Guardian and our Guide,  
And hear us when we call ;  
Let not our slippery footsteps slide ;  
And hold us lest we fall.

The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell  
Around the path we tread ;  
O save us from the snares of hell,  
Thou Quickener of the dead.

And if we tempted are to sin,  
And outward things are strong,  
Do Thou, O Lord, keep watch within,  
And save our souls from wrong.

Still let us ever watch and pray,  
And feel that we are frail ;  
That if the tempter cross our way,  
Yet he may not prevail.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, 1842.

*Prayer.*

260.

MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine :  
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its Guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest :  
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1884.

*Prayer.*

261.

THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away !  
O for the pearly gates of heaven !  
O for the golden floor !  
O for the Sun of Righteousness  
That setteth nevermore !

The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint !  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
O for a heart that never sins,  
O for a soul washed white !  
O for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night !

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there are perfectness and peace  
Beyond our best desire.  
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,  
O by Thy life laid down,  
O that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown !

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

*Prayer.*

**262.**

O FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free,  
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me ;

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone ;

A lowly, humble, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within ;

A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine ;  
Perfect and right and pure and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new best name of love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

*Prayer.*

263.

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits pitying see ;  
True penitence impart ;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign,  
And not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

All glory to the Father be, .  
All glory to the Son, .  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

JOSEPH D. CARLYLE, 1802.



*Prayer.*

264.

(GENESIS XXVIII., 20-22.)

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace :  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
Our heavenly food provide.

O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And Portion evermore.

Varied from PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1767,  
and JOHN LOGAN, 1781.

*Prayer.*

265.

O THOU, who hast at Thy command  
The hearts of all men in Thy hand,  
Our wayward, erring hearts incline  
To have no other will but Thine.

Our wishes, our desires control ;  
Mould every purpose of the soul ;  
O'er all may we victorious be,  
That stands between ourselves and Thee.

Twice blest will all our blessings be,  
When we can look through them to Thee ;  
When each glad heart its tribute pays  
Of love and gratitude and praise.

Yet may we, feeble, weak, and frail,  
Against our mightiest foes prevail,  
Thy word our safety from alarm,  
Our strength Thine everlasting arm.

JANE COTTERILL, 1815.

*Prayer.*

266.

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear ;  
Thy presence now display :  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

Show us some token of Thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise,  
And pour Thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace  
And love and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers,  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,  
The contrite heart, bestow,  
And shine upon us from on high,  
That we in grace may grow.

JOHN NEWTON, 1769.

*Prayer.*

267.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821.

*Prayer.*

268.

LORD, enrich us with Thy blessing,  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
O refresh us  
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy gospel's joyful sound :  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound :  
May Thy presence  
Evermore with us be found.

So, whene'er the signal's given,  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Reign with Thee in endless day.

Probably by JOHN FAWCETT, 1778 (varied).

*Prayer.*

267.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us,  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know ;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

JAMES EDMESTON, 1821.

*Prayer.*

270.

FULFIL Thy promise, gracious Lord,  
On us assembled here ;  
Put forth Thy Spirit with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives  
New life, though dead before ;  
And he who in Thy name believes,  
Shall live, to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive  
In those that love Thy name ;  
For sin and Satan daily strive  
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed  
From death to set us free ;  
And often since our life had failed,  
Unless renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,  
To Thee for help we call ;  
Our Life and Resurrection Thou,  
Our Hope, our Joy, our All !

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

*Prayer.*

271.

THY kingdom come, O God,  
Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;  
Break with Thine iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love ?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above ?

When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
And lust, oppression, crime,  
Shall flee Thy face before ?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might ;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet :  
Arise, O Morning Star,  
Arise, and never set.

LEWIS HENSLEY, 1867.



*Prayer.*

**272.**

**LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,  
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
Hear and receive Thy church's supplication,  
Lord God Almighty.**

**See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling ;  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling ;  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.**

**Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevaieth ;  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.**

**Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,  
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,  
Send us, O Saviour.**

**Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.**

**PHILIP PUSEY, 1840, based on the German of  
M. A. VON LÖWENSTERN, 1644.**

*Prayer.*

273.

LORD, who once from heaven descending  
Lost mankind didst seek and save,  
Us in our distress befriending,  
Grant the succour which we crave :  
From a sinful world we flee,  
Shepherd of our souls, to Thee.

From the arts which would allure us,  
From the toils that would ensnare,  
Thou, who slumberest not, secure us  
By Thy ever-watchful care,  
And, if e'er from Thee we roam,  
Fetch, O fetch the wanderers home.

And at last, our perils ended,  
Take us to that blessed fold  
Where the flock Thou here hast tended  
Shall in heaven Thy face behold,  
And with songs of praise adore  
Christ their Shepherd evermore.

JOHN LATHAM, 1836.

*Prayer.*

**274.**

JESUS, Lord, we look to Thee ;  
Let us in Thy name agree ;  
Show Thyself the Prince of Peace ;  
Bid all strife for ever cease.

By Thy reconciling love  
Every stumblingblock remove ;  
Each to each unite, endear ;  
Come and spread Thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,  
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,  
Altogether like our Lord.

Let us each for other care,  
Each his brother's burden bear ;  
To the world a pattern give,  
Show how Christ's disciples live.

Take us to Thy home above,  
Purified by faith and love ;  
May we in our life's last hour  
Feel Thy peace, Thy grace, Thy power.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

*Prayer.*

**275.**

(ST. LUKE XXII. 61.)

MY Lord, my God, if fear or shame  
Drive from my lips Thy praise divine ;  
If, when a cold world scorns Thy name,  
I stand not forth to own Thee mine ;  
If faithless doubts my soul assail,  
Or sins have made me false to Thee ;  
As once on Thy disciple frail,  
So turn, dear Lord, and look on me.

Cast but one kind reproachful look,  
And make me all the past recall,  
Thy love that never me forsook,  
Thy grace that would not let me fall,  
Thy life that taught me how to live,  
Thy death that conquered death for me.  
O Lord, my wanderings past forgive :  
From such a friend no more I flee.

O let me feel Thee watching still,  
With eyes that slumber not nor sleep ;  
From every step in paths of ill  
That look shall call me back to weep.  
Look ever on me till I come  
Where I no more can fall from Thee ;  
Then in the heavenly Father's home  
With Thy salvation look on me.

F. D. MORICE, 1876.

*Prayer.*

276.

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
Like the Saviour we shall be,  
Clothèd with humility ;

Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Humble as a little child,  
Pleased with what the Lord provides,  
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee ;  
Every evil let us flee,  
Always happy in Thy love,  
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find  
Every good in Christ combined ;  
O let Christians still adore,  
Trust, and praise Him evermore.

Based upon a version of Psalm cxxxi.,  
by CHARLES WESLEY, 1743.

*Prayer.*

277.

LORD of power, Lord of might,  
God and Father of us all,  
Lord of day and Lord of night,  
Listen to our solemn call :  
Listen, whilst to Thee we raise  
Songs of prayer and songs of praise.

Light and love and life are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good ;  
Fill our souls with light divine ;  
Give us with our daily food  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store,  
Blessings rich for evermore.

Graft within our heart of hearts  
Love undying for Thy name ;  
Bid us ere the day departs  
Spread afar our Maker's fame ;  
Young and old together bless,  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

Full of love and full of peace,  
May our life on earth be blest ;  
When our trials here shall cease,  
And at last we sink to rest,  
Fountain of eternal love,  
Call us to our home above.

GODFREY THRING, 1862.

*Prayer.*

278.

GO when the morning shineth,  
Go when the noon is bright,  
Go when the eve declineth,  
Go in the hush of night;  
Go with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray too for those that hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself in meekness  
A blessing humbly claim;  
And link with each petition  
Thy great Redeemer's name.

And if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above  
Shall reach His throne of glory,  
Who is mercy, truth, and love.

O not a joy or blessing  
With this can we compare,  
The power that He hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer.  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before His footstool fall:  
Remember in thy gladness  
His love who gave thee all.

*Prayer.*

279.

JESU, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love ;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the Way  
Through earth's passing darkness  
To heaven's endless day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

GEORGE R. PRYNNE, 1856.



*Prayer.*

280.

"COME to a desert-place apart,  
And rest a little while":  
So spake the Lord, when limbs and heart  
Waxed faint and sick through toil.

What tired nature craved He sought,  
But, while He sought it, found  
The restless crowd together brought,  
And labour's weary round.

Still not a thought to self was given,  
Nor murmur from Him came;  
He fed their souls with bread from heaven,  
And stayed their sinking frame;

Nor turned, when that long task was done,  
To sleep fatigue away;  
When on the desert sank the sun,  
The Saviour waked to pray.

O perfect Pattern from above,  
So strengthen us, that ne'er  
Prayer keep us back from works of love,  
Nor works of love from prayer.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1886.

*Prayer.*

281.

ETERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Saviour, whose almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease  
And gavest light and life and peace ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;  
And ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Varied from WILLIAM WHITING, 1860.

*Prayer.*

282.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer :

Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength, that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures

Do we ask our way to be :  
But the steep and rugged pathway  
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters

Would we idly rest and stay ;  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

Be our Strength in hours of weakness,

In our wanderings be our Guide ;  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father, be Thou at our side.

Let our path be bright or dreary,

Storm or sunshine be our share,  
May our souls, in hope unwearied,  
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

L. M. WILLIS, 1857.

*Prayer.*

283.

FATHER of all, to Thee  
With loving hearts we pray,  
Through Him, in mercy given,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way ;  
From heaven, Thy throne, in mercy shed  
Thy blessings on each bended head.

Father of all, to Thee  
Our contrite hearts we raise,  
Unstrung by sin and pain,  
Long voiceless in Thy praise ;  
Breathe Thou the silent chords along,  
Until they tremble into song.

Father of all, to Thee  
We breathe unuttered fears,  
Deep-hidden in our souls,  
That have no voice but tears ;  
Take Thou our hand, and through the wild  
Lead gently on each trustful child.

Father of all, may we  
In praise our tongues employ,  
When gladness fills the soul  
With deep and hallowed joy ;  
In storm and calm give us to see  
The path of peace which leads to Thee.

JOHN JULIAN, 1874.

*Prayer.*

284.

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone :  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought, and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where ;  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, 1872.

*Prayer.*

285.

O EVERLASTING Light,  
Giver of dawn and day,  
Dispeller of the ancient night  
In which creation lay !

O everlasting Strength,  
Uphold me in the way ;  
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length  
To joy, and light, and day.

O everlasting Love,  
Wellspring of grace and peace,  
Pour down Thy fulness from above,  
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

O everlasting Rest,  
Lift off life's load of care ;  
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,  
And every sorrow bear.

Thou art in heaven our All,  
Our All on earth art Thou ;  
Upon Thy glorious name we call ;  
Lord Jesus, bless us now.

*Prayer.*

**286.**

O GOD of truth, whose living Word  
Upholds whate'er has breath,  
Look down on Thy creation, Lord,  
Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we  
Who claim a heavenly birth  
May march with Thee to smite the lies  
That vex Thy groaning earth.

Ah! would we join that blest array,  
And follow in the might  
Of Him, the faithful and the true,  
In raiment clean and white?

How can we fight for truth and God,  
Enthralled by lies and sin?  
He who would fight for Thee on earth  
Must first be true within.

Then, God of truth for whom we long,  
Thou who wilt hear our prayer,  
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
And slay the falsehood there.

So, tried in Thy refining fire,  
From every lie set free,  
In us Thy perfect truth shall dwell,  
And we may fight for Thee.

THOMAS HUGHES, 1859.

*Prayer.*

287.

LORD of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the Life and Light,  
Maker, Teacher infinite,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Who, when sin's primeval doom  
Gave creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings.  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then,  
Jesus, hear and save.

BISHOP HEBER, 1811.



*Prayer.*

288.

O THOU who makest souls to shine  
With light from brighter worlds above,  
And droppest glistening dew divine  
On all who seek a Saviour's love :

Do Thou Thy benediction give  
On all who teach, on all who learn,  
That all Thy church may holier live,  
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those that teach pure hearts and wise,  
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by prayer :  
Themselves first training for the skies,  
They best will raise their people there.

Give those that learn the willing ear,  
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;  
Such gifts will make the lowliest here  
Far better than a kingdom find.

O bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;  
That guide and guided both be one,  
One in the faithful watch they keep,  
Until this hurrying life be done.

If thus, good Lord, Thy grace be given,  
Our glory meets us ere we die ;  
Before we upward pass to heaven  
We taste our immortality.

BISHOP ARMSTRONG, 1847.

*Prayer.*

289.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try,  
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways ;  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"

O Thou by whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1818.

*Prayer.*

290.

WHEN the world is brightest,  
And our hearts are lightest,  
Blessèd Jesu, hear us ;  
Let Thy hand be near us.

When life's scene is shaded,  
All its bright hopes faded,  
Blessèd Jesu, hear us ;  
Light of heaven, be near us.

When with blessings sated  
Or by praise elated,  
Blessèd Jesu, hear us ;  
Let Thy cross be near us.

When the night of sorrow  
Makes us dread to-morrow,  
Blessèd Jesu, hear us ;  
Light of heaven, be near us.

When our foes surround us,  
When our sins have bound us,  
Blessèd Jesu, hear us ;  
Let Thy help be near us.

When in sickness lying,  
Dark with fear of dying,  
Blessèd Jesu, hear us ;  
Let Thy help be near us.

*Prayer.*

291.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring ;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin :  
Lord, remove this load of sin ;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest ;  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer ;  
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

*Prayer.*

292.

A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfil ;  
O may it all my powers engage,  
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live ;  
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely ;  
And let me ne'er my trust betray,  
But press to realms on high.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

*Prayer.*

293.

FAIR waved the golden corn  
In Canaan's pleasant land,  
When, full of joy, some shining morn  
Went forth the reaper-band.

To God, so good and great,  
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;  
Then carry to His temple-gate  
The choicest of their store.

Like Israel, Lord, we give  
Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
And pray that, long as we shall live,  
We may Thy children be.

Thine is our youthful prime,  
And life and all its powers ;  
Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength are given,  
That we may serve Thy church below,  
And join Thy saints in heaven.

J. H. GURNEY, 1851.

*Prayer.*

294.

NOT for our sins alone  
Thy mercy, Lord, we sue ;  
Let fall Thy pitying glance  
On our devotions too,  
What we have done for Thee,  
And what we think to do.

The holiest hours we spend  
In prayer upon our knees,  
The times when most we deem  
Our songs of praise will please,  
Thou Searcher of all hearts,  
Forgiveness pour on these.

And all the gifts we bring,  
And all the vows we make,  
And all the acts of love  
We plan for Thy dear sake,  
Into Thy pardoning thought,  
O God of mercy, take.

And most, when we, Thy flock,  
Before Thine altar bend,  
And strange, bewildering thoughts  
With those sweet moments blend,  
By Him whose death we plead,  
Good Lord, Thy help extend.

Bow down Thine ear and hear ;  
Open Thine eyes and see ;  
Our very love is shame,  
And we must come to Thee  
To make it, of Thy grace,  
What Thou wouldst have it be.

H. TWELLS, 1889.

*Prayer.*

295.

ALMIGHTY Father of all things that be,  
Our life, our work, we consecrate to Thee :  
Whose heavens declare Thy glory from above,  
Whose earth below is witness to Thy love.

For well we know this weary, soiled earth  
Is yet Thine own by right of its new birth ;  
Since that great cross upreared on Calvary  
Redeemed it from its fault and shame to Thee.

Thine still the changeful beauty of the hills,  
The purple valleys flecked with silver rills,  
The ocean glistening 'neath the golden rays,  
They all are Thine, and voiceless speak Thy praise.

Thou dost the strength to workman's arm impart ;  
From Thee the skilled musician's mystic art,  
The grace of poet's pen or painter's hand  
To teach the loveliness of sea and land.

Then grant us, Lord, in all things Thee to own,  
To dwell within the shadow of Thy throne,  
To speak and work, to think and live and move,  
Reflecting Thy own nature, which is love.

That so, by Christ redeemed from sin and shame,  
And hallowed by Thy Spirit's cleansing flame,  
Ourselves, our work, and all our powers may be  
A sacrifice acceptable to Thee.

E. E. DUGMORE.



*Prayer.*

296.

GIVE light, O Lord, that we may learn  
The way that leads to Thee,  
That where our hearts true joys discern,  
Our life may be.

Give light, O Lord, that we may know  
Thy one unchanging truth,  
And follow, all our days below,  
Our Guide in youth.

Give light, O Lord, that we may see  
Where wisdom bids beware,  
And turn our doubting minds to Thee  
In faithful prayer.

Give light, O Lord, that we may look  
Beneath, around, above,  
And learn from nature's living book  
Thy power and love.

Give light, O Lord, that we may read  
All signs that Thou art near,  
And, while we live, in word and deed  
Thy name revere.

Give light, O Lord, that we may trace  
In trial, pain, and loss,  
In poorest lot and lowest place,  
A Saviour's cross.

Give light, O Lord, that we may see  
A home beyond the sky,  
Where all who live in Christ with Thee  
Shall never die.

LAURENCE TUTTIETT, 1864.

*Prayer.*

297.

ALMIGHTY God, whose only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need ;

In His dear name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

There are who never yet have heard  
The tidings of Thy blessèd word,  
But still in heathen darkness dwell,  
Without one thought of heaven or hell ;

And some within Thy sacred fold  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife ;

And many a quickened soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years.

O give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,  
And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire.

That so from angel-hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the blest, adore  
Thy name, O God, for evermore.

SIR H. W. BAKER, 1868.

*Faith.*

298.

(PSALM XIX.)

BEHOLD, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way ;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light ;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is Thy word,  
And all Thy judgments just !  
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.

While with my heart and tongue  
I spread Thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Saviour and my God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

*Faith.*

299.

(PSALM XXIII.)

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile  
With sudden green and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still.  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1712.

*Faith.*

300.

(PSALM XXIII.)

THE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never ;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,  
My ransomed soul He leadeth ;  
And where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed ;  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me,  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,  
Thy unction grace bestoweth,  
And O what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth !

And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never ;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1868.

*Faith.*

## 301.

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

(PSALM XLVI.)

A TOWER of strength our God doth stand,  
A Shield and sure Defender :  
True help from all our woes His hand  
Through life doth freely render.  
Our foe hath fixed his purpose fell ;  
With might and craft he's armed full well ;  
Naught earthly can resist him.

"Full soon we're lost, and vanquished quite,  
Our strength hath naught effected :  
Yet He for us maintains the fight,  
Whom God Himself selected.  
Ask ye His name ? 'tis Christ our Lord,  
The God of Hosts alone adored,  
Our Champion—none dare brave Him.

Should hell's whole legions round us press  
All banded to devour us,  
Yet this should work us good success,  
Nor fear e'en then o'erpower us :  
Though this world's prince look fierce and bold,  
It matters not, his doom is told,  
A single word can foil him.

Translation by H. J. BUCKOLL, 1850, of the German version  
by MARTIN LUTHER, 1529, of the forty-sixth Psalm.

*Faith.*

## 302.

(PSALM XC.)

O GOD, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal Home,

Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone,  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our Help in ages past,  
Our Hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal Home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

*Faith.*

## 303.

(PSALM XCI.)

CALL Jehovah thy Salvation ;  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade :  
In His sacred habitation  
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.  
There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noonday wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence  
In the depth of midnight blasting,  
God shall be thy sure defence :  
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
Though a thousand feel the blow ;  
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
Though ten thousand be laid low.

If with pure and firm affection  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above :  
Thou shalt call when griefs oppress thee ;  
He will hearken, He will save ;  
Here with special favour bless thee,  
Give thee life beyond the grave.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.



*Faith.*

## 304.

(PSALM CXXI.)

UP to those bright and gladsome hills,  
Whence all my help is given,  
I look, and sigh for Him who fills,  
Unseen, both earth and heaven.

He is alone my Help and Hope,  
That I shall not be moved ;  
His watchful eye is ever ope,  
And guardeth His beloved.

The glorious God is my sole Stay,  
He is my Sun and Shade :  
The cold by night, the heat by day,  
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me safe from every ill,  
Doth all my foes control ;  
He is a Shield and Shelter still  
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,  
Or else within my door,  
He is my Pillar and my Cloud,  
Now and for evermore.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1650.

*Faith.*

305.

(PSALM CXXI.)

TO Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,  
From thence expecting aid ;  
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,  
Who heaven and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest ;  
Thy Guardian will not sleep :  
His watchful care, that Israel guards,  
Will Israel's monarch keep.

Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings,  
Thou shalt securely rest,  
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
Thy God shall thee defend,  
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage  
Safe to thy journey's end.

TATE AND BRADY, 1896.

*Faith.*

306.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,  
Hear thy guardian angel say ;  
Thou art in the midst of foes ;  
                    Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thy unguarded hours :  
                    Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day ;  
Ambushed lies the Evil One ;  
                    Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;  
Still they mark each warrior's way ;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim,  
                    Watch and pray.

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey ;  
Hide within thy heart His word ;  
                    Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day ;  
Pray, that help may be sent down ;  
                    Watch and pray.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1839.

*Faith.*

'307.

STRIVE, when thou art called of God,  
When He draws thee by His grace,  
Strive to cast away the load  
That would clog thee in the race.

Fight, though it may cost thy life ;  
Storm the kingdom, but prevail ;  
Let not Satan's fiercest strife  
Make thee, warrior, faint or quail.

Wrestle with strong prayers and cries,  
Think no time too much to spend,  
Though the night be passed in sighs,  
Though all day thy voice ascend.

Art thou faithful ? then oppose  
Sin and wrong with all thy might ;  
Care not how the tempest blows,  
Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful ? wake and watch,  
Love with all thy heart Christ's ways ;  
Seek not transient ease to snatch,  
Look not for reward or praise.

Soldiers of the cross, be strong,  
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,  
Daily conquering woe and wrong,  
Till our King o'er earth shall reign.

Translated by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1856,  
from the German of J. J. WINCKLER, 1714.

*Faith.*

308.

LORD, Thy word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth ;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy word doth cheer us,  
Words of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By Thy word imparted  
To the simple-hearted ?

Word of mercy, giving  
Succour to the living ;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying !

O that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
Evermore be near Thee !

SIR HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

O LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee,  
If we from self could rest ;  
And feel at heart that One above  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms :  
O could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thine almighty arms !

Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
Even while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer,  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished ravens' cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

We cannot trust Him as we should ;  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away ;  
But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,  
Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before Him lying still,  
Even in affliction, peace.

JOSEPH ANSTICE, 1886.

*Faith.*

310.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God :  
He whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for His own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

Blest are all in Thee abiding,  
Washed from sin through Jesu's blood :  
He, within their hearts residing,  
Makes them kings and priests to God  
'Tis His power His people raises  
Over self to reign as kings ;  
And, as priests, his solemn praises  
Each for a thankoffering brings.

Round each habitation hovering  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a covering,  
Showing that the Lord is near.  
Thus they march, the pillar leading,  
Light by night and shade by day ;  
Daily on the manna feeding  
Which He gives them when they pray.

Varied from JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

311.

WE saw Thee not, when Thou didst tread,  
O Saviour, this our sinful earth,  
Nor heard Thy voice restore the dead,  
And wake them to a second birth :  
But we believe that Thou didst come,  
And quit for us Thy glorious home.

We were not with the faithful few  
Who stood Thy bitter cross around,  
Nor heard the prayer for those who slew,  
Nor felt that earthquake rock the ground ;  
We saw no spear-wound pierce Thy side :  
Yet we believe that Thou hast died.

No angel's message met our ear  
On that first glorious Easter-day ;  
" The Lord is risen, He is not here ;  
Come, see the place where Jesus lay :"  
But we believe that Thou didst quell  
The banded powers of death and hell.

We saw Thee not return on high ;  
And now, our longing sight to bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky  
Shines down upon our wilderness :  
Yet we believe that Thou art there,  
And seek Thee, Lord, in praise and prayer.

JOHN H. GURNEY and HENRY J. BUCKOLL, 1848,  
based on a hymn by ANNE RICHTER, 1834.



312.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home ;  
    Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
    Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now  
    Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel-faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1833.

WHO follows Christ whate'er betide,  
Is worthy of a soldier's name ;  
Is He thy Way, thy Light, thy Guide ?  
'Tis meet thou also bear His shame :  
Who shrinks from dark Gethsemane,  
Shall Tabor's glories never see.

What profits it that Christ hath deigned  
Our mortal form and flesh to wear,  
If we ourselves have ne'er attained  
His image formed in us to bear ?  
The pure and virgin soul alone  
He chooseth for His earthly throne.

What profits it that Christ is born,  
And bringeth childhood back to men,  
Unless our long-lost right we mourn,  
And win through penitence again,  
And lead a God-like life on earth,  
As children of the second birth ?

What profits it that He is risen,  
If dead in sins thou yet dost lie ?  
If yet thou cleavest to thy prison,  
What profit that He dwells on high ?  
His triumph will avail thee naught,  
If thou hast ne'er the battle fought.

Then live and suffer, do and bear,  
As Christ, thy Pattern, here hath done ;  
And seek His innocence to wear,  
That He may count thee of His own.  
Who loveth Christ cares but to win  
New triumphs o'er the world of sin.

Translation by CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1855,  
of a German hymn ascribed to J. G. WOLFF, d. 1754.

*Faith.*

### 314.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be ;  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best :  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine ; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine ;  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem ;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small ;  
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
My Wisdom, and my All.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

*Faith.*

315.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread  
With Jesus as your Fellow  
To Jesus as your Head !

O happy if ye labour  
As Jesus did for men :  
O happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then !

The cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due :  
The crown that Jesus weareth  
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn,

What are they but His couriers  
To lead you to His sight ?  
What are they save the effluence  
Of uncreated Light ?

The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure,

What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth ?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize.

NEALE, 1862.

*Faith.*

316.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS, 1841.

317.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light  
To bring in prayer to Thee ;  
There is no anxious care too slight  
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road  
Wilt share each small distress ;  
The Love which bore the greater load  
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe  
But meets Thine ear divine,  
And every cross grows light beneath  
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,  
The heart would overflow,  
But for that Love which died for sin,  
That Love which wept for woe.

JANE CREWDSON, d. 1868.

*Faith.*

## 318.

(THE TRANSFIGURATION.)

“STAY, Master, stay ; upon this heavenly hill  
A little longer let us linger still ;  
With these two mighty ones of old beside,  
Near to the awful Presence still abide :  
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,  
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay ! we breathe a purer air ;  
This life is not the life that waits us there ;  
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses, come and go  
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know :  
Wrapt in this cloud of light, we seem to be  
The thing we fain would grow, eternally.”

“No !” saith the Lord, “the hour is past ; we go :  
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.  
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,  
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there :  
Here we sought God that we might know His will,  
There we must do it—serve Him, seek Him still.

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,  
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.  
He who best does his lowly duty here,  
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere :  
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,  
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.”

SAMUEL GREG, 1864.

319.

HOW blest are they whose hearts are pure,  
From guile their spirits free :  
To them shall God Himself reveal,  
His glory they shall see.

Their simple souls upon His word,  
In fullest light of love,  
Place all their trust, and ask no more  
Than guidance from above.

They who in faith, unmixed with doubt,  
The engrafted word receive,  
Whom the first sign of heavenly power  
Persuades and they believe,

They, as they walk this painful world,  
See hidden glories rise ;  
Our God the sunshine of His love  
Unfolds before their eyes.

For them far greater things than ~~these~~  
Does Christ the Lord prepare,  
Whose bliss no heart of man can ~~reach~~,  
No human voice declare.

W. H. BATHURST 1866.



320.

*"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."*

IF Thou, O God, wert all unrest,  
If grief must hem Thy presence round,  
If clouds and darkness here oppressed  
All hearts in which Thy grace is found ;

Still might we love Thee, gracious Lord,  
For righteousness is more than joy,  
Hope might a far-off lamp afford,  
And truth our heart of hearts employ.

But, Lord, on all who love Thee well  
Far other gifts Thy grace bestows ;  
O'er souls which in Thy presence dwell  
All joy, all hope, all comfort flows.

Theirs is the breath of liberty  
Which, freshening every pulse of life,  
Keeps all its currents ever free  
From stagnancies of inward strife.

O Wellspring of all true delight,  
O Source of every gift divine,  
Thus may my life with Thee be bright,  
Thus on my soul Thy presence shine.

CHARLES E. MOBERLY, 1870.

*Faith.*

321.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands ;

Who points the clouds their course,  
Whom winds and seas obey :  
He shall direct thy wandering feet,  
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely ;  
So safe shalt thou go on ;  
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye ;  
So shall thy work be done.

Give to the winds thy fears,  
Hope, and be undismayed ;  
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;  
Our hearts are known to Thee ;  
O lift Thou up the sinking hand,  
Confirm the feeble knee.

Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish with our latest breath  
Thy love and guardian care.

Translation by JOHN WESLEY, 1739, from the  
German of PAUL GERHARDT, 1656.

322.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
    "Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
    Thy head upon My breast."  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
    Weary and worn and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
    And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
    "Behold, I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
    Stoop down and drink and live."  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
    Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
    And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
    " I am this dark world's Light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
    And all thy day be bright."  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
    In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that Light of life I'll walk  
    Till travelling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1846.

323.

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace :  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour :  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain :  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1774.

324. .

JESU, my Saviour, look on me,  
For I am weary and oppressed :  
I come to cast myself on Thee :  
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak ;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length ;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek :  
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way ;  
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;  
O send Thou forth some cheering ray :  
Thou art my Light.

I hear the storms around me rise ;  
But when I dread the impending shock,  
My spirit to the refuge flies :  
Thou art my Rock.

When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee—my terrors cease ;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts :  
Thou art my Peace.

Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall ;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All.

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the Tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;  
Turn not from His griefs away ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned ;  
O the wormwood and the gall !  
O the pangs His soul sustained !  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete.  
" It is finished," hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid His breathless clay :  
All is solitude and gloom ;  
Who hath taken Him away ?  
Christ is risen ; He meets our eyes ;  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1820 (recast 1825).

326.

CITY of God, how broad and far  
Outspread thy walls sublime !  
The true thy chartered freemen are,  
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,  
One steadfast, high intent,  
One voice to raise one harvest-song,  
One King Omnipotent !

How gleam thy watchfires through the night,  
With never-fainting ray !  
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,  
To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands ;  
Unharm'd, upon the eternal Rock  
: The eternal city stands !

SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1864.

327.

JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone ;  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my hope on Thee is stayed ;  
All my help from Thee I bring :  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin :  
Let the healing streams abound :  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.



328.

COME, labour on :  
Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain,  
While all around him waves the golden grain,  
And every servant hears the Master say  
    " Go, work to-day " ?

Come, labour on :  
The enemy is watching night and day,  
To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away :  
While we in sleep our duty have forgot,  
    He slumbered not.

Come, labour on :  
Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear !  
No arm so weak but may do service here ;  
By feeblest agents can our God fulfil  
    His righteous will.

Come, labour on :  
No time for rest, till glows the western sky,  
While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,  
And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,  
    " Servants, well done " !

Come, labour on :  
The toil is pleasant, the reward is sure ;  
Blessèd are those who to the end endure ;  
How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,  
    O Lord, with Thee !

JANE L. BORTHWICK, 1859.

*Faith.*

329.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might ;  
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right :  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good *grace* ;  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face :  
Life with its way before thee lies,  
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;  
His boundless mercy will provide :  
Lean, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love.

Faint not, nor fear ; His arms are near ;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear :  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1868.

*Faith.*

330.

LABOUR ever, late and early,  
Thou that strivest for the crown :  
Hard the Christian battle : dearly  
Wins the warrior his renown.  
None but he, the faithful-hearted,  
Victor from the field hath parted ;  
None but he whose love is strong  
Sings at last the triumph-song.

Thou hast conquered, Lord of glory ;  
Satan's power was foiled by Thee :  
Calvary, with its awful story,  
Shows Thy crowning victory.  
Death by dying was defeated,  
Life in losing life completed,  
When the Sufferer bowed His head,  
Saying, " It is finishèd."

O mysterious scene ! O wonder  
High above our mortal ken !  
Lost in love and awe we ponder  
Him, the Man who died for men ;  
Him who drained the cup of anguish,  
Not in rocky tomb to languish,  
But on angel-wings to rise  
To His triumph in the skies.

What are human toil and sadness  
To that hour of deadly strife ?  
What to that eternal gladness  
Fleeting joys of earthly life ?  
Live with Him, thyself denying ;  
Die with Him, the cross defying ;  
Rise with Him, and, throned on high,  
Sing the song of victory !

BENJAMIN H. KENNEDY, 1868,  
from the German of FRIEDRICH G. KLOPFSTOCK, d. 1803.

331.

O JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er :  
Shame on us, Christian brothers,  
His name and sign who bear,  
O shame, thrice shame, upon us,  
To keep Him standing there !

O Jesu, Thou art knocking :  
And lo ! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred.  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait !  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
“ I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat me so ? ”  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door :  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more.

BISHOP WALSHAM HOW, 1866.

*Faith.*

### 332.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
    Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
    Going on before.  
Christ, the royal Master,  
    Leads against the foe ;  
Forward into battle,  
    See, His banners go.  
    Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Like a mighty army  
    Moves the church of God.  
Brothers, we are treading  
    Where the saints have trod.  
We are not divided,  
    All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
    One in charity.  
    Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
    Kingdoms rise and wane ;  
But the church of Jesus  
    Constant will remain :  
Gates of hell can never  
    'Gainst that church prevail :  
We have Christ's own promise,  
    And that cannot fail.  
    Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Onward, then, ye people,  
    Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
    In the triumph-song :  
Glory, laud and honour  
    Unto Christ the King ;  
This through countless ages  
    Men and angels sing.  
    Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

© D. B. GOULD, 1865.

*Faith.*

### 333.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go ;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,  
Join the war, and face the foe ;  
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?  
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March, in heavenly armour clad ;  
Fight, nor think the battle long ;  
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
Soon shall every tear be dry ;  
Let not fears your course impede ;  
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove :  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Varied from H. KIRKE WHITE, 1806, and  
FRANCES S. FULLER-MAITLAND, 1827.

*Faith.*

334.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

*Faith.*

335.

O THOU not made with hands,  
Not throned above the skies,  
Nor walled with shining walls,  
Nor framed with stones of price,  
More bright than gold or gem,  
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart  
Finds courage from above ;  
Where'er the heart forsook  
Warms with the breath of love ;  
Where faith bids fear depart,  
City of God, thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud  
In humbleness melts down ;  
Where self itself yields up ;  
Where martyrs win their crown ;  
Where faithful souls possess  
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways  
With cheerful feet we go ;  
Where in His steps we tread  
Who trod the path of woe ;  
Where He is in the heart,  
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies,  
Nor golden-walled afar,  
But where Christ's two or three  
In His name gathered are,  
Be in the midst of them,  
God's own Jerusalem.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, 1867.



### 336.

THOUGH lowly here our lot may be,  
High work have we to do ;  
In faith, O Lord, to follow Thee,  
Whose lot was lowly too.

Our days of darkness may we bear,  
Strong in our Father's love :  
We lean on His almighty arm,  
And fix our hopes above.

Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts  
And loving deeds may be,  
As streams that still the nobler grow  
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,  
However tried and pressed,  
In God's clear sight high work we do,  
If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot  
With rays of glory bright ;  
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns  
Into a crown of light.

WILLIAM GASKELL, d. 1884.

### 337.

THOUGH we long, in sin-wrought blindness,  
 From Thy gracious paths have strayed,  
 Cold to Thee and to Thy kindness,  
 Wilful, reckless, or afraid ;  
 Through dim clouds that gather round us  
 Thou hast sought, and Thou hast found us.

Oft from Thee we veil our faces,  
 Children-like to cheat Thine eyes ;  
 Sin, and hope to hide the traces ;  
 From ourselves ourselves disguise :  
 'Neath the webs we've woven round us  
 Thy soul-piercing glance has found us.

Sudden, midst our idle chorus,  
 O'er our sin Thy thunders roll ;  
 Death his signal waves before us ;  
 Night and terror take the soul ;  
 Till through double darkness round us  
 Looks a star, and Thou hast found us.

O most merciful, most holy,  
 Light Thy wanderers on their way ;  
 Keep us ever Thine, Thine wholly,  
 Suffer us no more to stray.  
 Cloud and storm oft gather round us :  
 We were lost, but Thou hast found us.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, 1862.



THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
 Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
 Singing songs of expectation,  
 Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness  
 Gleams and burns the guiding light :  
 Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
 Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence,  
 O'er His ransomed people shed,  
 Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
 Brightening all the path we tread ;

One the object of our journey,  
 One the faith which never tires,  
 One the earnest looking forward,  
 One the hope our God inspires ;

One the strain that lips of thousands  
 Lift as from the heart of one ;  
 One the conflict, one the peril,  
 One the march in God begun ;

One the gladness of rejoicing  
 On the far eternal shore,  
 Where the one almighty Father  
 Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
 Onward, with the cross our aid ;  
 Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
 Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking ;  
 Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
 Then the scattering of all shadows,  
 And the end of toil and gloom.

Varied from a translation by S. BARING GOULD, 1867,  
 from the Danish of BERNARD S. INGEMANN, 1825.

### 340.

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love Thee for Thyself,  
And for that love obey.

O Thou, our soul's chief Hope,  
We to Thy mercy fly ;  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign ;  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee ;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

*Faith.*

341.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

" I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

" Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

" Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

" Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of My throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?"

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;  
O for grace to love Thee more !

WILLIAM COWPER, 1768.

*Faith.*

342.

O LORD and Master of us all,  
Whate'er our name and sign,  
We own Thy sway, and hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight,  
And, naked to Thy glance,  
Our secret sins are in the light  
Of Thy pure countenance.

To Thee our full humanity,  
Its joys and pains, belong :  
The wrong of man to man on Thee  
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Who hates, hates Thee ; who loves, becomes  
Therein to Thee allied ;  
All sweet accords of hearts and homes  
In Thee are multiplied.

Apart from Thee all gain is loss,  
All labour vainly done ;  
The solemn shadow of Thy cross  
Is better than the sun.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1856.

## 341.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
“ Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

“ I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right  
Turned thy darkness into light.

“ Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yes, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

“ Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of My throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?”

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;  
O for grace to love Thee more !

WILLIAM COWPER



### 345.

O RENDER thanks to God above,  
The Fountain of eternal love,  
Whose mercy firm through ages past  
Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford :  
When Thou return'st to set them free,  
Let Thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to see  
Thy saints in full prosperity,  
That I the joyful choir may join,  
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

Let Israel's God be ever blessed,  
His name eternally confessed ;  
Let all His saints with full accord  
In solemn hymns proclaim their Lord.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

## 347.

(PSALM LXXXIV.)

PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love ;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe :  
O, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High !  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly Father's breast !  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls, their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe ;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies ;  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win ;  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place.  
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart :  
Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1834.

A FEW  
A few r  
And we s  
Asleep  
Then, C  
My son  
O wash r  
And tal

A few r  
O'er the  
And we s  
A far se  
Then, C  
My son  
O wash r  
And ta

A few r  
On this  
And we s  
And su  
Then, C  
My son  
O wash r  
And tal

A few r  
A few r  
A few mo  
And we  
Then, C  
My son  
O wash r  
And tal

'Tis but  
And H  
Who died  
That w  
Then, C  
My son  
O wash r  
And ta



## 350.

(HOSEA VI., I—4.)

COME, let us to the Lord our God  
With contrite hearts return ;  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,  
And stills the stormy wave ;  
And though His arm be strong to smite,  
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned  
The dawn shall bring us light ;  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice :  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.

JOHN MORRISON, 1781.

FOR ever with the Lord !  
 Amen ! so let it be.  
 Life from the dead is in that word  
 And immortality.

Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear !

Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies ;  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease ;  
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
 Expands the bow of peace.

Then, then I feel, that He,  
 Remembered or forgot,  
 The Lord, is never far from me,  
 Though I perceive Him not.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1885.

### 353.

JERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.  
I know not, O I know not  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare :

And when I fain would sing them,  
My spirit fails and faints,  
And vainly would it image  
The assembly of the saints.  
They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr-throng.

The Prince is ever in them ;  
The light is aye serene ;  
The pastures of the blessèd  
Are decked in glorious sheen :  
And they who, with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

Translation by J. M. NEALE, 1851, from the Latin of  
BERNARD OF CLUNY (or MORLAIX), 12th century.

# 355.

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

## 356.

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,  
And stand on the holy hill?  
Who shall the boundless realms of space  
With shouts of rapture thrill?

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

The servants of the Lord are they,  
The pure in heart and hand,  
For whom the eternal bars give way,  
The eternal gates expand.

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

Not to the noble, not to the strong,  
To the wealthy, or the wise,  
Is given a part in that angel-song,  
That music of the skies.

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

But those who in humble and holy fear,  
With childlike faith and love,  
Have served the Lord as their Master here,  
Shall praise their Lord above.

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

And chiefly those who in youth to Him  
Their morn of life have given,  
With Cherubim and Seraphim,  
And all the host of heaven—

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth—

Shall stand in robes of purest white,  
And to the Lamb shall raise  
The song that rests not day or night,  
The eternity of praise.

Hallelujah!

For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

HANKINSON, 1840.



## 357.

SWEET is Thy mercy, Lord :  
Before Thy mercy-seat  
Our souls adoring plead Thy word,  
And own Thy mercy sweet.

Where'er Thy name is blest,  
Where'er Thy people meet,  
There we delight in Thee to rest,  
And find Thy mercy sweet.

Light Thou our weary way,  
Lead Thou our wandering feet,  
That while we stay on earth, we may  
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

J. S. B. MONSELL, 1868.

359.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest ?  
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide ?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns ?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here ?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last ?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay ?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless ?  
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
Answer Yes."

J. M. NEALE, 1862, based upon the Greek of  
ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE, d. 794.

## 360.

THE church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word :  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy bride,  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth,  
One holy name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil and tribulation  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great church victorious  
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.  
O happy ones and holy !  
Lord, give us grace that we,  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1866.

## 361.

SOLDIERS, who are Christ's below,  
Strong in faith resist the foe :  
Boundless is the pledged reward  
Unto them who serve the Lord.

'Tis no palm of fading leaves  
That the conqueror's hand receives :  
Joys are his serene and pure,  
Light that ever shall endure.

For the souls that overcome  
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,  
Where the blessèd evermore  
Tread on high the starry floor.

Passing soon and little worth  
Are the things that tempt on earth :  
Heavenward lift thy soul's regard :  
God Himself is thy reward.

Father, who the crown dost give,  
Saviour, by whose death we live,  
Spirit, who our hearts dost raise,  
Three in One, Thy name we praise.

Translation by JOHN H. CLARK, 1865,  
from the Latin of the Chalons-sur-Marne Breviary, 1736.

*Hope.*

**362.**

JESU dulcis memoria,  
Dans vera cordi gaudia,  
Sed super mel et omnia  
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suävius,  
Nil auditur jucundius,  
Nil cogitatur dulcius,  
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes paenitentibus,  
Quam pius es petentibus,  
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus !  
Sed quid invenientibus ?

Jesu dulcedo cordium,  
Fons veri, lumen mentium,  
Excedens omne gaudium  
Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere  
Nec litera exprimere,  
Expertus potest credere,  
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, d. 1153.

### 363.

JESU, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art !  
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find ? Ah ! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show :  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu ! our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be :  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

Translation of the preceding, by EDWARD CASWALL, 1849.

## 364.

COMES, at times, a stillness as of even,  
Steeping the soul in memories of love,  
As when the glow is sinking out of heaven,  
As when the twilight deepens in the grove.  
Comes, at length, a sound of many voices,  
As when the waves break lightly on the shore,  
As when at dawn the feathered choir rejoices,  
Singing aloud because the night is o'er.

Comes, at times, a voice of days departed,  
Upon the dying breath of evening borne ;  
Sinks then the traveller, faint and weary-hearted,  
Long is the way, it whispers, and forlorn.  
Comes, at last, a voice of thrilling gladness,  
Borne on the breezes of the rising day ;  
Saying, the Lord shall make an end of sadness,  
Saying, the Lord shall wipe all tears away.

ISAAC GREGORY SMITH, circ. 1857.

## ANTHEM FOR FOUNDER'S DAY.

(ECCLESIASTICUS XLIV. 1—15.)

1. LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

2. The Lord hath wrought great glory by thee through his great power from the beginning.

3. Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies :

4. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise eloquent in their instructions.

7. All these were honoured in their generations, were the glory of their times.

8. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

9. And some there be, which have no memorial ; are perished, as though they had never been ; and become as though they had never been born.

10. But these were merciful men, whose righteous deeds hath not been forgotten.

11. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

12. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

13. Their seed shall remain for ever, and their generations shall not be blotted out.

14. Their bodies are buried in peace ; but their names shall liveth for evermore.

15. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise.



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Come,

Come,

Come

Come,

Comm

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